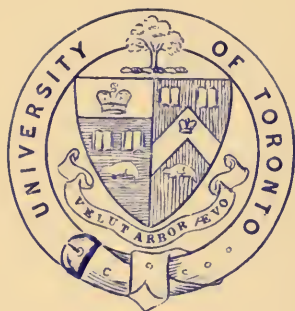


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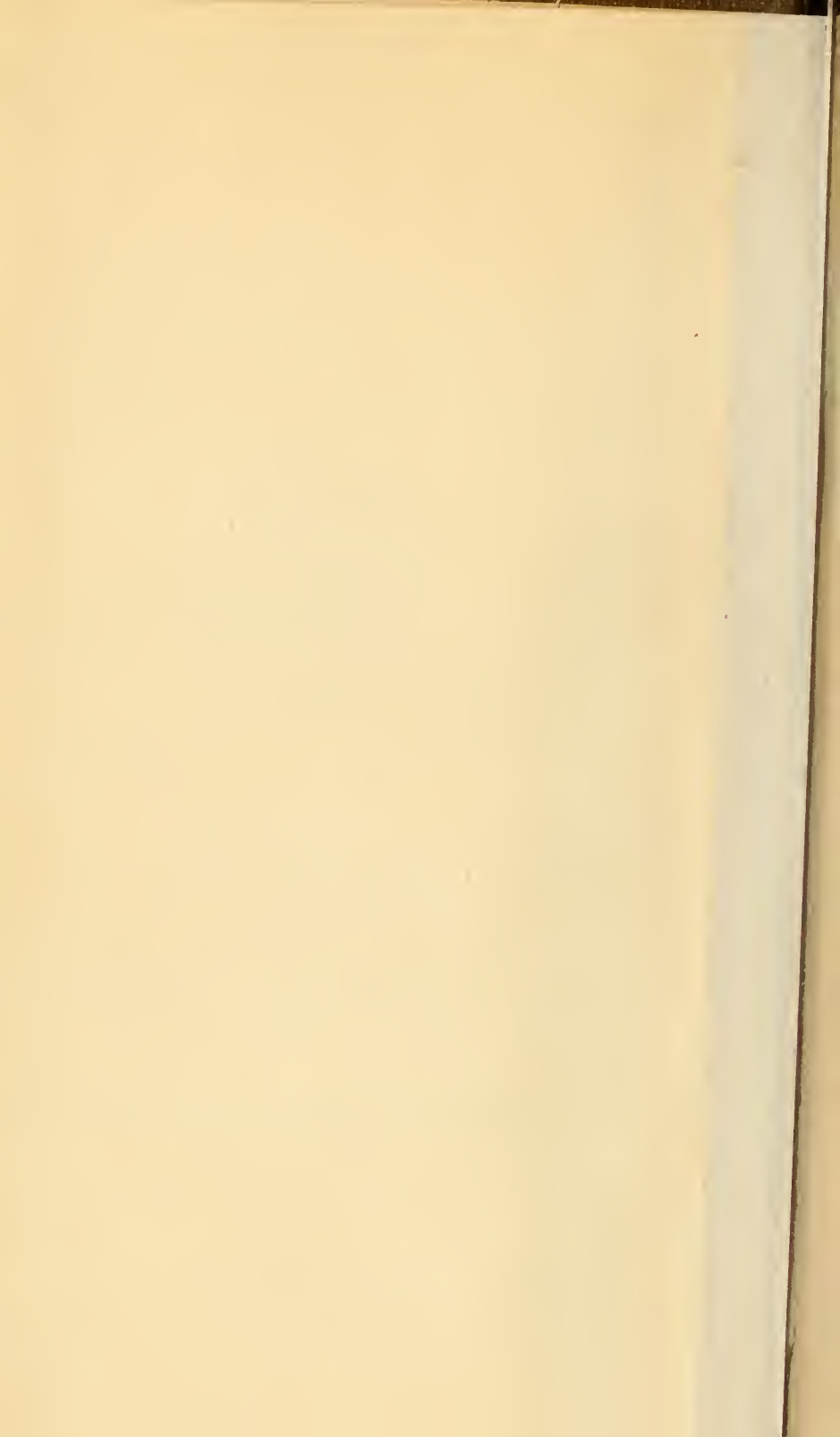


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THE  
POETICAL WORKS

OF

CHARLES CROCKER.

434 r

A COMPLETE EDITION.

CHICHESTER:  
MASON AND WILMSHURST.

1860.

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TO  
THE RIGHT REVEREND  
THE LORD BISHOP OF CHICHESTER  
AND TO  
ALL AND EACH OF THE MANY  
KIND FRIENDS  
THROUGH WHOSE LIBERAL PATRONAGE  
THIS EDITION OF HIS POEMS  
HAS BEEN PRINTED  
THE VOLUME  
IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED  
BY ITS HUMBLE AND GRATEFUL  
AUTHOR,  
A.D. MDCCCLX.

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At lucre or renown let others aim ;  
I only wish to please the gentle mind,  
Whom Nature's charms inspire, and love of human kind.

BEATTIE.

## Preface to the First Edition.

---

I HAVE for many years found a pleasing, and, I hope, an innocent gratification, in the composition of verses; and though I have, at times, been told that they were not destitute of merit, and might afford pleasure to others should they become more known, yet I never, until a few months ago, entertained an expectation of seeing them in print. I knew that it was by no means uncommon, in the present day, for persons in similar circumstances with myself, to produce tolerable and even excellent poetry. I knew, too, that my poems could never be brought forward without the assistance of powerful patrons; and such assistance I did not expect to find. Under these impressions I have hitherto thought it prudent to keep them as much as possible out of sight, solacing myself with the pleasure which the practice itself, and the approbation of a few partial friends afforded.

But perhaps it may be asked, "Why are they now printed?" The reason is as follows. My MS. papers have of late accidentally fallen into the hands of persons capable of judging of such things, and been pronounced by them not unworthy of publication. They gave it as their opinion that there would be no impropriety in endeavouring to convert that which had

so long been to me a most delightful source of private amusement, into one of profit and advantage. I wish it, however, to be understood that I have no idea of becoming an author by profession. It is more than probable that I shall never appear again in this character. The occupation by which I have hitherto procured subsistence for my family, is, in my opinion, not less honourable (considering my condition in life) and far more likely to be attended with success, than the precarious pursuits of literature. I have thought it proper to state this, because I know there exists in the minds of some of my best friends an apprehension, that the publication of my poems, should they be favourably received, may be attended with consequences prejudicial to my future welfare.

I should have considered the foregoing a sufficient introduction; but it has been suggested to me by several persons, whose opinion I have reason to value, that, as the perusal of this volume will probably excite a desire to know something of my personal history, I should do well to preface it with a short biographical sketch. My claims on public attention are, I am aware, very slight, and not likely to be repeated; and, therefore, I feel that I have no right to obtrude upon it, at any length, a narration of the unimportant events of my life. Nevertheless, something may, and perhaps ought to be said of the means by which I have gained the small stock of knowledge I possess. This may serve as an apology for the defects which the critical reader cannot fail to discover in my compositions; and when he is informed of the care and attention which I have bestowed upon my favourite pursuit, he will not be surprised at the degree of polish which those who have lately seen my poems, have been pleased to say they observe in several of them. I will therefore briefly notice such circumstances as seem to me necessary for these purposes.



I was born in Chichester, on the 22nd of June, 1797. My advantages of education were of a very limited nature; for my parents, who were poor, and had a large family, could not afford to send me to school after I was seven years of age; but by the kindness of friends (which kindness I trust I shall ever remember with gratitude) I was admitted to the Grey Coat School in my native City. Here I continued four years, and learned to read and write tolerably, and received some instruction in the elementary rules of arithmetic. Here, too, were sown the seeds of those religious principles, which springing up have through life rendered my condition more than commonly blest; supplying comfort and consolation amid trials and difficulties, and crowning the hours of health and industry with the highest and purest enjoyments.

As soon as I could read I became very fond of books, and eagerly made myself acquainted with the few then within my reach, which were the Bible, Robinson Crusoe, and the Pilgrim's Progress. This last so delighted me that I read it again and again with undiminished pleasure. It cannot be supposed that I was at that time capable of appreciating its merits as a well sustained allegory, or of understanding its religious application. The pleasure I felt in reading it arose, doubtless, from the relation of the marvellous adventures, and desperate conflicts in which its hero is engaged.

Between eleven and twelve years of age, being thought old enough to work, I was apprenticed to a shoemaker. This arrangement was perhaps rather favourable than otherwise to the improvement of my mind; for the sedentary labour necessary in this kind of employment, while it keeps the hands fully engaged, gives little or no exercise to the mental faculties. Consequently, the mind of a person so employed, may, without any hindrance to his work, find occupation or amusement

in intellectual or imaginative pursuits. How my mind was often engaged, under such circumstances, will be seen in the following pages.

From this time reading became my favourite amusement, and books my dearest, and generally my only companions; the few short intervals of leisure which fell to my lot being eagerly dedicated to the perusal of them. But Poetry always claimed my fondest regard; and by reading some good poetry and a few works of criticism, which I occasionally met with, I acquired a relish for the productions of Genius and Taste; and even began to think of making verses myself. But I soon found that I had many things to learn before I could compose with regularity and correctness. I now discovered that there was such a thing as Grammar, and that some knowledge of its rules was essential to my purpose. As soon, therefore, as I was able, I purchased an English Grammar, and secretly and assiduously commenced the study of it. I should tire the most patient reader were I to enter into a detailed account of my progress in this arduous undertaking. Many a time was the book thrown aside in despair—taken up again, and its contents committed to memory—but with little success. Let it suffice to say, that by patient perseverance, I at length learned to distinguish nouns from verbs, &c.

I now began to compose; but seldom thought well enough of my performances to commit them to paper. For it has always been my practice to compose my verses while at work, or in my walks, and write them down when I had leisure, if I thought them worthy of preservation.

It was my good fortune, about the time of which I am now speaking, to hear a gentleman whose name was Thelwall, deliver a lecture on Milton and Shakespeare; and of him I learned far more of the art of versification than I could possi-

bly have acquired by reading ; for he examined the structure of Milton's verses, and entered minutely into the nature of the feet of which they are composed. About this time, too, I became possessed of Dr. Blair's Lectures on Rhetoric ; for which I gave in exchange all the money I could muster, and several books that I had previously bought and read. No monarch was ever prouder of adding a new kingdom to his territories than I was of this acquisition. Shortly after this a friend lent me "The Elements of Moral Science," and the "Minstrel," by Dr. Beattie, and the life of that excellent poet and good man by Sir W. Forbes. Of these treasures I availed myself as much as my scanty leisure would permit.

When I had served my seven years of apprenticeship, which was before I was nineteen, I paid a visit to some relations in the Isle of Purbeck, in Dorsetshire, where I stayed a month. Those were golden days to me. Nature appeared there in forms of beauty and grandeur quite new to me, and I had leisure to contemplate and enjoy them. During this month my mind received impressions which no subsequent events have been able to erase.

On my return home I commenced work as a journeyman shoemaker, spending, as I had been accustomed, my evenings and leisure hours in reading. I could now afford to hire books from the circulating library, and occasionally to buy one. I could soon call the Poetical Works of Milton, Cowper, Goldsmith, Collins, and others my own. Many of the best passages in these Poems I committed to memory, and used to repeat them while at work ; and this practice, doubtless, assisted materially in attuning my ear to the harmony of poetic numbers.

Naturally fond of peace and domestic endearments, I now began to think of getting a little home of my own, and settling

for life. I accordingly married; and the union was most happy in every respect, except duration; for in two short years I was a widower, with the care of an infant daughter on my hands. This calamity threw a shade of sadness over several succeeding years, during which time some of the Poems in this volume were written; and these, as the reader will perceive, are tinged with the colour of my fate.

Of the last five years, as I have already trespassed upon the patience of the reader more than I am warranted by so uninteresting a subject, I will not venture to say more than that my hopes of domestic felicity, which formerly seemed blighted, have by a second happy marriage been fully realized; and I have now three children, two daughters and a son.

Such have been the principal events of my humble life; and I repeat that I should never have thought of making them public, had I not been earnestly advised so to do by the same Friends through whose patronage and influence my poetical pieces are presented to the world under the most flattering auspices. Should this little work succeed in affording an hour or two of innocent amusement to minds easily pleased (and it has no higher aim) I shall feel a gratification which will repay all my present anxieties respecting it. But whatever be its fate, I beg leave to assure those numerous friends, who have given me such generous encouragement, that I shall cherish the remembrance of their kindness to the latest period of my existence.

---

Thirty years have elapsed since the foregoing Sketch, and a large portion of the contents of this volume first appeared before the public. By the profits of the various Editions that have appeared I have been enabled to provide my family with



many comforts which, but for the publication of these Poems, we never should have known.

So few have been the incidents that have occurred during this long period, that there is little to be added to my simple story, except that having continued my original occupation for some time, I was employed for six years by Mr. Mason in the Bookselling department of his business. Having in 1845 received the appointment, which I still retain, of Sexton of the Cathedral, to which has recently been added that of Bishop's Verger, the last fifteen years have been the happiest of my life: my occupations are congenial with my taste and feelings, and every duty is an enjoyment. The Author may, indeed, be permitted to say that he has, in some degree, realized the beautiful picture drawn by Cowper:—

“He is the happy man whose life e'en now  
Shews somewhat of that happier life to come;  
Who doomed to an obscure but tranquil state,  
Is pleased with it, and, were he free to choose  
Would make his fate his choice.”

CHARLES CROCKER.

*Chichester, May, 1860.*





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THE  
VALE OF OBSCURITY.

*A Vision.*

---

Some men by feigned words as dark as mine,  
Make truth to spangle, and its rays to shine.

BUNYAN.

---

I.

“CONTENT! of all the blessings I possess,  
And (thanks to heaven) my portion is not small,  
None can more justly claim my thankfulness  
Than thou, sweet Maid, whose smile gives zest to all;  
Therefore on thee with suppliant voice I call;  
With thee would hide me from the world’s rude strife;  
For well I know, whatever may befall,  
’Tis peace of mind that makes the bliss of life—  
That thou sustain’st the soul ’mid scenes with misery rife.

## II.

"Can Fame—can Power—can Affluence display  
 The calm composure of thy modest mien?  
 Their light may dazzle in the summer day,  
 But thou alone canst cheer the wintry scene:  
 Their pomp shall be as though it ne'er had been,  
 When the dread tempest sweeps along the sky;  
 Whilst thou, in humble confidence serene,  
 Fear'st not, for He who bids the tempest fly,  
 Mighty to save and bless, thou know'st is ever nigh.

## III.

"Still be it mine, as through the quiet vale  
 Of humble life my devious course I bend,  
 When sorrows or anxieties assail,  
 To find in thee a comforter and friend:  
 Afflictions, though keen pangs their steps attend,  
 In wisdom and in love are doubtless sent,  
 And will, ere long, in full fruition end:  
 Be then my heart on this one purpose bent—  
 Whate'er my lot may be, to dwell with thee, Content."



## IV.

When thus the happy feelings of my mind  
Had been poured forth in artless verse and gay,  
What time the summer sun in pride declined  
And gave, with glance benign, his farewell ray,  
The genius of Repose, with mildest sway,  
Wav'd his lethean wand above my head :  
SLEEP charm'd, at once, each restless thought away  
And through my mind enchanting visions spread,  
Soothing as those around th' expiring christian's bed.

## V.

Come Fancy ! aid me in the pleasing task  
And I will bind the spirit of that dream  
In wild poetic numbers. Shall I ask  
In vain thy succour for the simple theme ?  
To thee, perchance, such earnest suit may seem  
Presumptuous from a poor and nameless bard ;  
But not unworthy dost thou sometimes deem  
The Muse's humblest sons of thy regard,  
Who on Parnassus' height have reap'd a proud reward.

## VI.

Methought I wander'd in a region drear  
Which seem'd, though new, familiar to mine eye ;  
No sounds save those of woe assailed my ear  
And every breeze was burthen'd with a sigh ;  
Dark, lowering clouds hung heavy in the sky,  
And shed a fearful gloom o'er all the vale ;  
To trace whose bounds I seem'd in vain to try—  
My utmost stretch of sight could not prevail,  
And I the joyless scene beheld aghast and pale.

## VII.

And here and there a wretched hut appear'd  
That seem'd the abode of poyerty and pain ;  
For not a flower its lovely head uprear'd,  
And not a green spot deck'd the sterile plain,  
But Desolation, frowning, held his reign  
On every side, with unrelenting sway ;  
And, drooping there, a miserable train  
I saw, led on by Sorrow and Dismay,  
While Labour's stern command still urged them on  
their way.

## VIII.

"Alas!" I cried, "and is it then my fate  
 Through life to sojourn in this hopeless place,  
 Where constant toil and care my course await,  
 And comfort's cheering beams shall never chase  
 The deep-drawn lines of misery from my face?  
 Despair must be my sole companion here;  
 Where'er I turn, his footsteps I can trace,  
 And in his path such rueful forms appear  
 As none unmov'd can view, Disease, and Want, and Fear."

## IX.

While thus my heart, with sad foreboding fears  
 Opprest, was sinking into wretchedness,  
 Methought I sigh'd and wept—but sighs and tears  
 Were unavailing in that sore distress:  
 When lo! (but how shall words of mine express  
 The wonders I beheld?) a sudden light  
 Burst forth, and spreading through the wilderness,  
 Clear'd the thick film which dimm'd erewhile my sight,  
 And near me now I saw a Fiend in eager flight.

## X.

The murky clouds, which on the face of heaven  
Had hitherto in gloomy stillness spread,  
No longer slept, but in commotion driven,  
Now roll'd in shapeless masses o'er my head,  
And one of hugest size and blackest shade  
Dividing gave to my astonished view  
A form of angel mould, whose aspect shed  
A radiant splendour the wide valley through,  
As on a sunbeam prone towards earth she gently flew.

## XI.

Her look, with all the sprightliness of spring,  
Was mild as summer's eve ; and in mine ear  
The music of her voice still seems to ring ;  
And thus the Vision spake as she drew near :  
“ Rise, child of sorrow, cast aside thy fear,  
And let the light of joy illumine thine eye ;  
No more shall he who caus'd thy grief appear,  
Foul Discontent ; I bade the demon fly ;  
'Twas he drew forth each tear and prompted every sigh.

## XII.

“He opes the source of more than half the woes  
That sadden human life; for not alone  
In this secluded vale does he oppose  
The gentle reign of peace with changeless frown;  
E’en yon high hills, which through long years have  
shone  
In the unclouded beams of affluence,  
Dark traces of his footsteps oft have shown;  
For, raging, like the deadly pestilence,  
He scours the lowly plain, and lofty eminence.

## XIII.

“Yet, cheer thee, mourner, for the task is mine  
To guide thy wanderings this still region through,  
And give it in my own fair light to shine.  
Retirement’s lonely path ’tis mine to strew  
With flowers of fragrant scent and varied hue.  
See! the retiring shades my look obey!  
See! lovelier prospects rising into view  
Glowing in sunshine, and they seem to say:—  
A thousand joys are here! come, quickly, come away.”

## XIV.

With that CONTENT, for she it was whose smile  
And gracious words the sudden change had wrought  
With gentleness that well might grief beguile,  
And looks with cheerfulness and comfort fraught,  
Held forth her hand to me ; and then, methought  
We wandered onward ; and where'er we strayed  
New scenes of happiness appeared, unsought ;  
At every step new wonders were display'd—  
And as I gaz'd, I turn'd and blest the heaven-sent maid.

## XV.

There Industry from early morn till eve,  
Speeds the gay moments as they lightly pass ;  
Though wearying toil be his, he does not grieve  
While the blythe songs of Health, a rosy lass,  
Soften his cares, as lightly o'er the grass,  
With Exercise, the partner of her choice,  
She sports, and mixes with each lowly class,  
The dwellers of the vale, whose simple joys  
Increase when'er they hear her pain-subduing voice.



## XVI.

And there, in neat and homely cottage lives  
Domestic Happiness, a matron chaste  
And kind, from whom the feeling breast receives  
Such bliss as can transform a desert waste  
Into a paradise. Her hearth is grac'd  
With all the charms of virtue, peace, and love—  
Celestial flowers, but here in mercy plac'd  
Beneath her guardian care, whose blossoms prove  
Their native soil to be the blissful realms above.

## XVII.

Still as our road meandering seem'd to run,  
The prospect brighten'd, and before us lay  
A mount, whose gently sloping side the sun  
Illumin'd with his mild, departing ray ;  
More cheerful look'd the green, the flowers more gay ;  
And round its base a pure, unruffled stream,  
With soothing murmur, wander'd on its way ;  
Like glass it shone in the refulgent beam,—  
And all the scene was fair as guileless childhood's dream.

## XVIII.

And then such heavenly harmony was heard  
 As bids each vain and earthly passion flee ;  
 And blooming on that mount's green brow appear'd  
 A bower of amaranth, where Piety,  
 Compass'd with beings beautiful to see,  
 Faith, Hope, and holy Joy, her anthem sung ;  
 Warm yet unfeign'd her fervours seem'd to be :  
 My ravish'd soul in mute attention hung  
 While through the balmy air this strain seraphic rung.

## HYMN.

## 1

Once more, Eternal Power, I raise  
     My voice in humble adoration ;  
 Again presume to sing thy praise,  
     The theme of angels' exultation.

## 2

Thou art my "all in all," in thee  
     My spirit finds complete fruition ;  
 To seek thee, my delight shall be,  
     To serve thee truly, my ambition.

## 3

Unnumbered blessings hourly call  
For gratitude's sincere devotion ;  
And morning light, and even fall,  
Shall duly witness her emotion.

## 4

Oft do I feel how great thy love,  
When lowly at thy altar kneeling ;  
And oft in sweet communion prove  
A blessedness beyond revealing.

## 5

O ! how transporting then appear  
The views Hope gives of future pleasure,  
Beyond the realms of doubt and fear,  
The saint's imperishable treasure.

## 6

From thee, my Saviour, God, and King,  
Let nought my happy portion sever ;  
But make it my delight to sing  
Thy praise for ever, and for ever.

## XIX.

But not the magic of her voice alone  
Held my rapt soul in willing thraldom there ;  
Her face with more than earthly beauty shone,  
And dignity, and grace that none might share,  
Blended with meekness in her modest air.  
Now Hope aloft on golden pinions flew,  
Unfolding scenes than paradise more fair,  
To Faith's refin'd and heaven-directed view,  
While Joy on all around unsullied radiance threw.

## XX.

“ O here,” I cried, “ from strife and tumult free,  
Here would I ever find a resting place,  
And joyful still my pilgrimage shall be,  
Or short, or lengthen'd be its destined space.  
Nor let me lose the sight of thy fair face,  
Cheerful companion of my happiest hours ;  
Then, though temptation and strong trials chase  
My harass'd soul, to these delicious bowers  
For refuge she may fly, and rest her weary powers.”

## XXI.

“ Well mayst thou wish,” Content replied, “ to prove  
The exalted pleasures aye abounding here,  
For oft descending from their seats above  
To Faith’s fixt eye angelic throngs appear,  
Whose heavenly harpings never fail to cheer  
The heart by sorrow or by pain opprest,  
Lifting it far above each earthly fear :  
It views th’ eternal mansions of the blest,  
And a sweet earnest feels of everlasting rest.

## XXII.

“ But know, that none this privilege may claim  
But those whose bosoms truth and virtue fire,  
Who live but to adore th’ Almighty name  
Of Him whose praise employs the seraph quire ;  
And such are blest with all their hearts’ desire :  
Spirits unseen surround their calm abode,  
To ward off every ill, and to inspire  
Such bliss as earth-bound thoughts had ne’er bestow’d,  
Pure and devoted love of goodness and of God.”

## XXIII.

Next on the summit of the mount I stood,  
 And gaz'd around on stream, and grove, and bower,  
 Delighted, when my guide her speech renew'd :—  
 “ Much yet remains of beauty and of power  
 To win thy fond regard, for every hour  
 That springs to life in this most sacred place,  
 Awakes some charm unknown before—some flower  
 More fragrant, or some new-born heavenly grace,  
 That gladdens every heart, and brightens every face.

## XXIV.

“ And ever on her own blest morn descends  
 The Angel of the Sabbath with her train,  
 And the glad sound of prayer and praise ascends  
 During her peaceful, septenary reign.  
 E'en now, in yonder grove, the hallowed fane  
 Re-echoes to the hallelujahs sent  
 From hearts aroused by her exalting strain.  
 Come, join the happy band.” Here ceas'd Content,  
 And towards the solemn spot our eager steps we bent.

## XXV.

High o'er the rest, like some imperial queen,  
That angel figure sat ; bright beams of joy  
Illum'd her brow, unclouded and serene.  
She spake of bliss that ne'er can know alloy,  
(Which nought on earth can lessen or destroy,)  
As the unchanging portion that awaits  
The soul whose powers the wondrous things employ  
Which Truth at her right hand to all relates,  
While she their minds instructs, reprovcs, or animates.

## XXVI.

Repose and Peace, that gentle pair, reclin'd  
Beside the footstool of their heavenly friend ;  
A holy calm pervaded every mind  
To which their grateful influence did extend :  
And there in humble guise were seen to bend  
Meek Piety and her devoted throng  
Of followers, whose sweet voices seemed to blend  
In choral harmony, while them among,  
Rapt Contemplation stood, and listen'd to their song.



## XXVII.

In Truth's fair hand methought a scroll appeared ;  
 With characters obscure 'twas overspread,  
 And unintelligible sounds were heard  
 Fast flowing from her lips. A secret dread  
 Crept through my frame, and I would fain have fled,  
 But had not power,—when suddenly a ray  
 Of light from heaven a noon-day splendour shed ;  
 Clear and distinct the pictur'd chart now lay,  
 E'en as a map to guide the pilgrim on his way.

## XXVIII.

And first a garden it disclos'd, replete  
 With all that could delight the heart and eye,  
 Of Innocence and Peace the blest retreat ;  
 And Joy flew ever through the cloudless sky.  
 But lo ! the fiend Transgression, lingering nigh,  
 Too soon involved the lovely scene in shade :  
 Then pass'd a long, dark train of ages by,  
 Laden with woe, by dread and doubt dismay'd,  
 While clouds and tempests dire were awfully pourtray'd.

## XXIX.

Yet still, amid the gloom, one star was seen,  
 The Star of Promise, whose auspicious ray  
 In vain Despair essayed to quench ; serene  
 It rose, the earnest of a brighter day,  
 And many a heart it solaced on its way  
 Through the vast wilderness, nor shone its light  
 Like the delusive meteor, to betray  
 The steps of fond Credulity, but bright  
 And certain was its beam through that long cheerless night.

## XXX.

Meanwhile, unnumber'd scenes of misery past,  
 Th' unfolding scroll to our delighted eyes  
 Display'd the dawning of that day at last  
 Whose glorious Sun, to set no more, should rise.  
 Uncarthy music floated through the skies,  
 To usher in the morn. Heaven's concave rung  
 With the high theme—"Recover'd Paradise ;"  
 Faith, long deprest, aloft exulting sprung,  
 While songs of joy and love enraptur'd seraphs sung.

## XXXI.

Then follow'd, in succession, scenes so fair,  
That to relate the wonders now reveal'd,  
An angel's tongue might find employment there ;  
Or Inspiration's sacred pencil, fill'd  
With hues of heaven, such images might yield ;  
But vainly may a son of earth aspire  
Duly to laud that mystery unseal'd ;  
Yet does the theme my inmost bosom fire,  
And from the task I feel reluctant to retire.

## XXXII.

Behold ! he comes—the Spoiler's Conqueror,  
Though meanly wrapt, and in a manger laid !  
A tender babe—yet Wisdom did not err :  
She from afar led forth her sons, who paid  
(While rich and precious offerings were display'd)  
Their duteous homage, and pour'd forth their joy,  
Rapturous joy, that might not be allay'd.  
No more could doubt their peace of mind annoy,  
Or fear, or dark despair their confidence destroy.

## XXXIII.

Wisdom, and Truth, and meek Humility  
 Led on his growing years, as through the lone  
 And silent valley of Obscurity  
 He held his peaceful course, to Fame unknown ;  
 For on that scroll which such high things had shewn,  
 A transcript of the humble vale was given ;  
 And shining tracks where holy men had gone  
 Unhurt, though they with deadliest foes had striven,  
 Might there be traced, whose light points out the way to  
 heaven.

## XXXIV.

Unnoticed and unknown He seem'd to stray  
 Through the sequester'd haunts of solitude,  
 While Meditation cheer'd him on his way,  
 Till Time advanc'd with stated steps, and shew'd  
 A mind with heavenly wisdom deep imbued.  
 And lo ! emerging from the wilderness,  
 With solemn mien and warning voice One stood :—  
 “ Flee from the wrath to come—repent—confess,”  
 He said, and pointed to the Source of blessedness.

## XXXV.

"Behold," he cried, "the blest of heaven, with power  
 To bear away the ills which long have prest  
 Mortality, sunk deeper every hour  
 In misery's gulph :—but she shall now have rest."  
 He ceas'd, but soon the words he had exprest,  
 Methought I saw confirm'd, for, lo ! a Dove  
 Through opening heavens descended to attest  
 That blest One's mission from the realms above ;  
 And then a voice was heard breathing paternal love.

## XXXVI.

And next, a savage wilderness I saw,  
 Whose gloomy glades in fearful stillness frown'd,  
 And overwhelm'd my mind with solemn awe ;  
 So wild, so dark, so drear was all around.  
 Led by the Spirit to this gloom profound  
 That Son of Heaven explor'd its deepest shade,  
 Musing on things divine. There was he found  
 By the Arch Tempter, who in vain essay'd  
 To win his thoughts by wiles, with specious art display'd.

## XXXVII.

For in his mind revolv'd some great design ;  
 And the false splendour of the world in vain  
 Before his eyes might bid its glories shine.  
 The heart opprest by sorrow to sustain—  
 To strip of all their terrors death and pain—  
 And sure and lasting happiness to spread—  
 These were the glories that adorn'd his reign :  
 And while by miracles He thousands fed,  
 Himself had scarcely where to rest his weary head.

## XXXVIII.

Surely, thought I, there Gratitude soon raised  
 Temples, with joyful heart to celebrate  
 Such matchless power and love ; but as I gazed  
 Upon th' expanding volume, seem'd to wait  
 On all his goings, Envy, Scorn, and Hate,  
 And ruthless Jealousy—a horrid crew ;  
 Nor did their raging malice once abate,  
 But hourly fiercer and more deadly grew,  
 Unceasing, 'till at last their guiltless prey they slew.

## XXXIX.

Dark was the picture as it rose to sight ;  
In Mystery's stole enwrapt it seem'd to be  
On every side, while Nature, with affright,  
Beheld and trembled. Meanwhile, patiently,  
That injur'd One embraced wild Agony,  
And 'mid the gloom, alone unshaken, brav'd  
The howling storm. Methought I then could see  
That Sin, th' enslaver, felt himself enslav'd,  
And gnash'd his teeth with rage, and impotently rav'd.

## XL.

But short that reign of terror : soon he rose  
Triumphant from the darkness of the tomb ;  
And then methought Confusion seized his foes,  
And wildly hurried to the distant gloom.  
Again that Garden in primeval bloom  
Appear'd, and Truth rejoiced to shew the scene ;  
Rays of a purer light its walks illumine ;  
And in the midst a gushing fount is seen,  
In which Pollution foul may plunge and be made clean.



## XLI.

Fill'd with delight my heart within me burn'd  
While Truth reveal'd to sight her wondrous lore ;  
Then, with reluctant steps and slow, we turn'd  
The happy vale still farther to explore.  
But ere I left, a wistful glance, once more,  
I cast upon the glowing scenes around,  
And gladly heard Hope promise to restore  
Again and soon the joys I there had found ;—  
She said—“Such bliss once known will evermore abound.”

## XLII.

Descending now the gentle slope, my eye  
With pleasure wander'd o'er each tranquil scene  
That lay outstretch'd beneath a placid sky :  
Westward some clouds befring'd with gold were seen  
Marking where sunk the sun. Stainless had been  
The face of heaven but for that beauteous show,—  
So bright—so calm—so lovely and serene :  
I said, “ If aught can picture forth below  
The good man's latter end, mine eye beholds it now.”

## XLIII.

“But who,” said I, “my courteous guide, is he,  
 Of thoughtful brow, yon cottage door beside ;  
 His looks bespeak him what we seldom see  
 In this lone vale ; say, does he here abide ?”  
 “GENIUS his name, and here,” Content replied,  
 “In silent solitude pass on his days,  
 E’en as a stream that through dank weeds doth glide,  
 Unheard its rippling sound, unseen it strays ;—  
 Such is his frequent lot, uncheer’d by Fortune’s blaze.

## XLIV.

“In his own breast the streams of pleasure spring :  
 And not less blest he deems his fate obscure  
 Here, than when shelter’d by the gilded wing  
 Of gay Prosperity,—if chaste and pure,  
 And lit from heaven his bosom-flame. Secure  
 And happy in the treasures of the mind,  
 The thousand ills that little souls endure  
 Affect him not ; but free and unconfin’d,  
 His spirit soars, and leaves each low-born care behind.”

## XLV.

The sunbeams fell in glory round his head  
As we advanced the gifted man to greet,  
And while we sojourn'd 'neath his humble shed,  
Of gentle manners, and of converse sweet  
We felt the charm. Around the calm retreat  
Unbroken stillness reign'd ; though there the hand  
Of Application many an arduous feat  
Achiev'd, and Truth and Fancy there had plann'd  
Schemes that yield Taste delight, and Wisdom's smile  
command.

## XLVI.

“ Though in Obscurity's low valley cast,  
My lot,” said Genius, “ is supremely blest ;  
From strife and envy free my days are past,  
And Flattery's wiles seductive, aye confest  
My deadliest bane, e'en when I seem at rest  
With Fame, in yon bright temple on the hill.  
Of Fortune's store I may not be possest :  
Knowledge may deal with niggard hand his skill ;  
But yet while life endures, this vale shall charm me still.

## XLVII.

"I must be rich while nature's boundless stores,  
 Around me spread, my free acceptance claim :  
 I must be happy, too, while Goodness pours  
 With liberal hand his gifts. What though my name  
 May never once awake the voice of Fame ;  
 Are all whom she delights to honour blest ?  
 Alas ! she seldom well requites the flame  
 That glows in her devoted follower's breast ;—  
 Hence far more dear to me the smiles of Peace and Rest."

## XLVIII.

Now to my side, from mid'st th' industrious band,  
 Came Thought, a quick-eyed damsel, who delights  
 To dwell with Genius, and, at his command,  
 Oft takes, unseen, her swift and silent flights  
 Where aught new, great, or beautiful invites,  
 In nature, or in realms beyond ;—then flies  
 Homeward, and with her gather'd store alights  
 In his fair mind. And now, in friendly guise  
 She led me forth, and lo ! a garden met mine eyes.

## XLIX.

There Fancy held her joyous reign, and there  
 Unnumber'd beauties burst upon the sight.  
 But how shall I my thrilling joy declare  
 When suddenly appear'd, like morning light  
 Breaking all lovely from the shades of night,  
 The nymph who had possest my heart so long,  
 And fill'd my night and day dreams with delight,  
 Enchanting Poesy, the maid of song,  
 Busied in culling sweets the beds of flowers among ?

## L.

Content, who still stood near me, meekly smil'd  
 While I essay'd my transports to express ;  
 Uncouth my manners and my words were wild,  
 For I was awed by so much loveliness :  
 When Poesy, to soothe my mind's distress  
 Thus spake,—“ If these emotions be sincere,  
 Think not I scorn thy lowly lot to bless ;  
 Whate'er its garb, true worth to me is dear,  
 Nor more so in the realm which Fortune sways, than here.

## LI.

“ But if the thought that I shall lead thee hence  
 To that warm clime, possess thy mind, ’tis vain ;  
 Discard it ; though the sunny eminence  
 Be more congenial than the lowly plain  
 To these my flowers, yet, see ! e’en here they gain  
 A beauty and a fragrance ; and thine eye  
 Hath seen already that thou mayst attain  
 To true enjoyment :—while Content is nigh,  
 She, and yon mount’s fair train shall all thy wants supply.

## LII.

“ And I will not forsake thee, but will cheer  
 Thy hours, or dark, or cloudless, as they rise ;  
 Oft mid thy toil and care will I appear  
 And spread my visions to thy gladden’d eyes,  
 Whose wondrous imag’ry, and rainbow dyes  
 Shall charm thy inmost soul.” She ceas’d, and took  
 My hand, in courteous and benignant guise :  
 My mortal frame a thrilling transport shook,  
 And SLEEP, with sudden start, his silent post forsook.

KINGLEY VALE.

---

DEDICATORY SONNET

TO MY WIFE.

---

PARTNER of every pleasure, every care  
That hath o'ershadowed or illumed my way  
Through many a year, 'tis meet that thou should'st share  
My meed of praise should such await my lay :  
But be its fate to flourish or decay  
Untimely, still thy name I fain would twine,  
Mary ! in this my favourite theme with mine.  
And thou wilt prize the verse which many a day  
Of unalloyed enjoyment will recall,  
When to each other we were all in all ;  
Nor less those hours when through the beauteous Dell  
Our Children we have led, beneath the sway  
Of feelings which no words may fully tell :  
And therefore at your feet my song I lay.



## I.

Once more, Retirement, to thy still retreat,  
Where many a happy hour ere this I've pass'd,  
With glowing heart I turn my willing feet,  
And thought-distracting care behind me cast:—  
As when a Pilgrim, mid some desert vast,  
Weary and faint, sees rising into view  
The palm-o'er-shadow'd fountain, where, at last,  
Refreshment, rest, and shelter, may renew  
His wasted strength that he his progress may pursue.

## II.

Thou Spirit! who (as fancy dreams) dost dwell,  
Remote from vulgar care, and clamour rude,  
In the calm bosom of this lovely dell;  
Permit a pensive wanderer to intrude  
On thy congenial, hallow'd solitude,  
To taste that peace which can so well beguile  
The toil-worn mind of its desponding mood;  
And in forgetfulness to lose awhile  
The anxious cares of life,—a vain world's frown and smile.

## III.

With freedom through this lonely grove to stray,  
And bid, unchecked, Imagination fly,  
Though but for one short hour, may well repay  
The weariness of toilsome days. And why?  
'Tis that such hours, like visits from the sky  
Of angel-friends, are "few and far between;"  
And that I breathe mid busy haunts the sigh  
Full oft for shades like these, but rarely seen,  
Hence e'en privation adds new charms to each fair scene.

## IV.

Here, undisturb'd, I may indulge awhile  
In dream-like reveries, of fancy born,  
On which the wise may look with pitying smile;  
The proud and vain, perhaps, with chilling scorn;  
But which to me, from life's unclouded morn  
To manhood's noon, could highest pleasure bring;  
Whether my heart were jocund or forlorn;  
In winter's gloom, or mid the flowers of spring,  
They tun'd my heart to joy, and prompted me to sing.

## v.

And oft have I essay'd with trembling hand  
 To strike the chords of the soul-stirring lyre,  
 And fondly long'd to join the gifted band  
 Whom Virtue, Truth and Nature's charms insp  
 With lofty musings and poetic fire.  
 And now, while high hopes kindle, once again  
 With emulative ardour, I aspire  
 To sweep the magic strings, and breathe a strain  
 Which, wild as it may be, will not be sung in vain.

## vi.

For though nor fame nor lucre may attend  
 My unobtrusive song, yet e'en on me  
 In solitude and silence oft descend  
 The exalting influences of Poesy :  
 And these a sweeter recompence shall be  
 Than aught that fame or fortune can bestow ;—  
 And though the visions bright which oft I see  
 In my unequal lay but faintly glow,  
 Yet on my path obscure a sunny light they throw.

## VII.

I feel as I have felt in years by-gone  
 When life was new, and love and hope were young,  
 As towards thy quiet shades I wander on,  
 Romantic spot! to ruminare among  
 Scenes beautiful as ever minstrel sung;  
 But never bard to celebrate their praise  
 The magic lyre, of poesy has strung :<sup>(1)</sup>  
 Oh! may I hope by my unpractis'd lays  
 The sweet delight I feel in other minds to raise.

## VIII.

A thousand charms now open on the view,  
 Over which enchanted roves the wanderer's eye  
 With ever-fresh delight. In stainless, blue  
 Immensity above extends the sky :—  
 Below, in richest harmony, each dye  
 Of varied green is blended to adorn  
 This solitary vale, that seems to lie  
 Lovely as Eden on Creation's morn,  
 Ere nature knew decay—ere pain and grief were born.

## IX.

How beautiful, embosom'd in the hill,  
And cloth'd in sunshine, the sweet dell appears,  
As summer noontide bright, as midnight still ;—  
There on its sloping side, where, full of years,  
Stands the dark yew, the slender ash uprears  
Its silver shaft—while with the holly's shade,  
In beauteous contrast that the sight aye cheers,  
The oak and beech, in varied tints array'd,  
Their boughs luxuriant twine as if they ne'er would fade.

## X.

Come, Meditation ! stray awhile with me,  
The scene will suit us well, for we may muse  
On themes we long have cherish'd secretly,  
Within yon grove of venerable yews ;  
Whose twilight gloom and silence may infuse  
Into our dream, perchance, that pensive joy  
Which philosophic Melancholy woos  
Amid such scenes, whose beauties never cloy ;  
But yield to Taste and Virtue bliss without alloy.

## XI.

Though silent now and lonely be the scene,  
Yet oft, when Summer smiles, her happy throng  
Gay Pleasure hither leads, and reigns a queen  
Throughout the joyous day. The voice of song  
And revelry then rings these groves among ;  
And through the mystic dance's wildest maze,  
By the brisk viol led, the gay and young  
Delighted move—while, not less happy, gaze  
The more sedate on all the charms the dell displays.

## XII.

And to this spot, Instruction's task laid by,  
Meek Charity, at times, her infant train  
Conducts, and smiles approval as each eye  
Beams with delight. Strangers to grief or pain  
Or passion's tyrant sway, they here attain  
Enjoyment's height. Oh ! this indulgence kind  
Is not, benignant Power ! bestow'd in vain—  
To thee and to thy lore, in love, 'twill bind  
Their hearts, and give new strength to each enquiring mind.



## XIII.

Who does not feel in solitude like this,  
A holy freedom from the shackles base  
Of cares and passions that destroy the bliss  
Of life mid busy haunts, or in the chase  
Of fortune's gifts, or in the wild embrace  
Of sensual pleasure? Here the soul is free  
To commune with the Genius of the place;  
To bow at Nature's shrine, and glow, till we  
Anticipate the joys of immortality.

## XIV.

Ah! sure he breathes not who could wander here,  
Enamour'd of the beauteous scenes around,  
And not with love and gratitude revere  
The Wisdom and the Goodness that abound,  
As in the humblest flowret of the ground,  
So in the forest, mountain, ocean, sky!  
Such beauty, harmony, and grace are found  
In nature's works, that while the enthusiast's eye  
Glistens with rapture's tear, his glad thoughts soar on  
high.



## XV.

He feels delight,—the purest felt on earth,  
If on his mind's aspiring course arise  
That light which in Eternal Love had birth,  
The light of Truth, enkindled in the skies,  
Which gives him even on earth to realize  
Joys which earth's fairest prospects ne'er bestow,  
And far surpassing Eden's Paradise—  
To feel assur'd that when this vale of woe  
Is pass'd, 'tis his a life of endless bliss to know.

## XVI.

Haply in days of yore, some saintly sage,  
By Virtue's charms and Wisdom's lore inspir'd,  
Rear'd in this quiet dell his hermitage,  
Far from the world's tumultuous scenes retir'd,  
And here that dignity of soul acquir'd  
Known only to the truly wise and good ;  
And while to Heaven his ardent hopes aspir'd,  
Each earth-born wish and passion was subdued  
And Eden seem'd restor'd in this sweet solitude.

## XVII.

And oft the wandering peasant might repair  
With reverence to his solitary cell,  
To share his ready blessing and his prayer,  
And hear the legends he was wont to tell ;  
Or catch each holy precept as it fell  
From lips deem'd touch'd with Inspiration's flame :  
Of old the Hermit thus had power full well  
The meek to guide, the lawless to reclaim ;  
And to do good to all was aye his god-like aim.

## XVIII.

And here, perchance, his earthly trials o'er,  
While his glad spirit struggled for the skies,  
He heard angelic choirs their anthems pour,  
And future glories swam before his eyes :  
What bliss ! in life's last hour to realize  
The glorious prospects Truth-taught Hope had given ;  
For this from youth to age did he despise  
The grovelling joys of earth—for this had striven  
In Wisdom's path to tread, and thence ascend to Heaven.

## XIX.

Emerging from the Yew-grove's shade we pass  
O'er many a mound where fairy elves might keep  
Their midnight revels on the fresh green grass,  
To where, in sun-bright verdure drest, yon steep  
Invites us to ascend. The gentle sheep  
Our narrow upward-winding path have traced ;  
On either hand the simple heath-flowers peep  
From out their mossy bed, to check our haste,  
And bid us note their charms, and their wild fragrance  
taste.

## XX.

As slowly up the steep ascent we wend,  
Oft pausing, southward we direct our view,  
Where momentarily the lovely scenes extend,  
Wider and lovelier still as we pursue  
Our arduous course. Woodlands of varied hue,  
Smooth, glassy creeks, rich fields, and groves and  
streams  
All bounded by the Sea's broad girdle blue,  
And burnish'd by the Sun's refulgent beams,  
Are such as might inspire a youthful poet's dreams.

## XXI.

Oh! who, howe'er adverse his fate, could stray,  
Breathing the air upon this hill's green brow,  
And view the landscape spreading far away  
In richly variegated scenes below,  
All warm and bright in summer's cloudless glow,  
And not, while thrilling raptures fir'd his breast,  
Each anxious wish, each murmuring thought, forego,  
Feel care, and pain, and sorrow lull'd to rest,  
And deem himself of men the richest and most blest?

## XXII.

Here spread the downs upon whose summits green,  
And sunny slopes, with tufts of wild thyme crown'd,  
The peaceful flocks in scatter'd groups are seen,  
Whose plaintive bleat and small bells' tinkling sound  
Scarce break the hallow'd calm that reigns around:  
There Ceres yields in bountiful array  
Her waving treasures to adorn the ground,  
And cheer the peasant plodding on his way,  
With promise of reward for many a weary day.

## XXIII.

Meadows and hamlets interspers'd invite  
 The gazer's eye o'er tracts of freshest green,  
 And white-wall'd cots, to wander with delight ;  
 While woods in solemn grandeur rise between,  
 And throw their shadows to enrich the scene ;  
 And here and there a tapering village spire,  
 Kindling in meek devotion's breast serene  
 The pure and hallow'd glow of heavenly fire,  
 Points to the skies and bids the humble soul aspire.

## XXIV.

Above the rest, amid the smiling vale,  
 Cicestria's Fane pre-eminent appears,  
 A sight that in my mind can never fail  
 To wake sweet thoughts of home and other years.  
 'Twas there the voice of Truth first charm'd mine ears,  
 And bade me hope for bliss beyond the tomb :—  
 And this it is that to my heart endears  
 That sacred Pile—in sunlight or in gloom  
 I gaze upon its walls, and think of heav'n and home.

## XXV.

Lo ! far beyond, from east to west extending,  
Old Ocean's realm along the horizon lies ;  
On whose blue verge, that with the sky seems blending,  
My utmost stretch of vision just descries  
The gallant ships that in succession rise—  
Seem stationed there awhile—and then are gone.  
There Vecta fair,<sup>(2)</sup> that winds and waves defies,  
Girdled with rocks, sits on her billowy throne,  
Crown'd with whate'er is bright and rich to look upon.

## XXVI.

There was a time, ere yet Refinement's band  
Had brought from distant climes her glittering store,  
When this now richly-cultivated land  
Was one vast desert ; forest, heath, and moor,  
In savage wildness stretch'd from shore to shore.  
Brief is the record History's page contains  
Of times so far remote : Tradition's lore  
Hath much reveal'd ; and on our hills and plains  
Of those rude ages yet full many a trace remains.



## XXVII.

Mid such e'en now I stand. Tradition says  
 Beneath these very hillocks Sea-kings sleep,—  
 Those fierce marauders who, in Alfred's days,  
 From Scandinavia, with destructive sweep,  
 Launch'd forth to reign despotic on the deep,  
 And fill with woe and death each neighbouring shore.  
 While here I muse, reclin'd on this green heap,  
 Fancy shall wing her flight to days of yore,  
 And to enrich my theme Oblivion's shades explore.

## XXVIII.

Piercing the gloom that hangs o'er ages past,  
 She sees the Briton range with dauntless stride  
 His native hills, and plains, and forests, vast ;—  
 Few were his wants, and those, while roaming wide,  
 The chase, the wood's wild fruits, the stream, supplied.  
 Loose in the wind his long dark tresses flew ;  
 His only garb some vanquish'd wolf's rough hide,  
 Which left his naked, sinewy limbs to view,  
 With uncouth emblems traced, and stain'd of skiey hue.



## XXIX.

Weary at night within the tangled glade  
 Of forest depths, or on some rock, he lay  
 In undisturb'd repose, till through the shade  
 Of overhanging boughs morn's cheerful ray  
 Summon'd him from his dewy bed away :  
 Light as the deer which he had oft pursued,  
 And as the feather'd songsters round him gay,  
 With fresh delight his native haunts he view'd  
 For freedom's smile illum'd the barren solitude.

## XXX.

Thus liv'd, a simple and contented race,  
 Our rude forefathers, till, in evil hour,  
 The Demon Discord shew'd his hideous face  
 In many a turf-built shed, and woodland bower :  
 The peaceful tribes beheld the fiend-like Power  
 At first with shuddering awe ; for at his word  
 Black storms of strife above their hills 'gan lower,  
 Where echo woke to sounds till then ne'er heard ;  
 While passions fierce and strong each ardent bosom  
 stirr'd.

## XXXI.

Now patriarchs sage redoubted chiefs became,  
 And in their circumscrib'd dominions reign'd;  
 Each with the rest, despotic power his aim,  
 Ceaseless a predatory war maintain'd.  
 Then first that lion-courage, which disdain'd  
 To yield to fear's controul,—that fervent love  
 Of freedom, to its giant-strength attain'd,  
 Which Britons ever as their birthright prove:—  
 An inborn power that death or danger ne'er could move.

## XXXII.

The infuriate tribes now desperate warfare wag'd  
 And strife but ceased to be again renew'd  
 More fiercely,—till a worthier cause engag'd  
 Their strength and prowess: for, as now they stood  
 Gazing on ocean's ever-restless flood  
 That roar'd and dash'd in rocky caves below,  
 Far o'er the waves, with sinking hearts, they view'd,  
 A sight unwonted and unfear'd till now,  
 Full many a sunlit sail, and many a daring prow.

## XXXIII.

And as intent they trac'd the horizon far,  
Where the blue waters mingle with the sky,  
Innumerable rose the signs of threatening war,  
In quick succession to each wondering eye.  
At first all motionless they seem'd to lie,  
But near and nearer, by unmark'd degrees,  
The barks advanc'd—and, proudly waving high,  
The hostile banners floated on the breeze—  
And fierce Invasion's shouts resounded o'er the seas.

## XXXIV.

Awhile as Albion's sons beheld the scene,  
Dismay and Terror pictur'd to their sight  
Relentless War in his most horrid mien ;—  
The unequal conflict,—slaughter, wounds, and flight—  
Wide-spreading scenes of havock, and the light  
Of burning hamlets ;—all the countless woes  
That follow in the course of lawless might  
At once on their distracted vision rose,  
And seem'd their every hope in darkness to enclose.

## XXXV.

But soon is heard a spirit-stirring sound  
Whose thrilling tones arouse the drooping band,  
Breathing from forth the sacred groves around,  
Where, with his harp of magic power in hand,  
'The white-rob'd Druid Minstrel takes his stand,  
And pours forth strains that fail not to inspire  
The noblest feelings Virtue can command :—  
Fear flies—and dauntless Valour's kindling fire  
Warms every breast ; each burns to brave the conflict  
dire.

## XXXVI.

Frequent and furious struggles now ensu'd,  
And Peace affrighted sought some distant shade.  
Ages on ages past, and still they view'd  
War's crimson banner o'er the land display'd.  
The Roman, Saxon, Dane, successive, paid  
Their direful visits to the fated shore ;—  
Meanwhile opprest, degraded, and dismay'd,  
The natives sought, their misery to deplore,  
Their woods and mountains wild, or Slavery's shackles  
wore.

## XXXVII.

And yet the daring Spirit which inspir'd  
 Each free-born Briton's breast but seem'd to sleep,  
 For oft, by unprovoked aggression fired,  
 At bay the fierce Invader it would keep :  
 Thus when the Danish horde from yonder deep,  
 Ruthless advanc'd, Cicestria to enslave, <sup>(3)</sup>  
 That Spirit rose in all its might to sweep  
 The pirate wanderers back upon the wave :—  
 Hence rose this verdant mound—my seat—the Sea-  
 King's grave.

## XXXVIII.

Fierce was the conflict, as old legends say,  
 And fearfully re-echoed through the dell,  
 Mid the wild uproar of the battle-fray,  
 The Briton's shout, the Sea-Kings' fiendish yell,—  
 And of the mighty Northmen many fell,  
 Whose bold hearts' blood distain'd the verdant ground ;  
 And few return'd the daring deeds to tell  
 Of Cissa's gallant sons, who that day, crowned  
 With glory's wreaths, made hill and dale with joy  
 resound.

## XXXIX.

To mark their triumph these green tombs were rais'd  
Above the slain, that each succeeding race  
Might oft, as from their City walls they gaz'd,  
These monuments of British valour trace.  
But oh ! in northern halls full many a face  
Of lovely maid and matron waxed pale :—  
Or sighing on the shore, with mournful pace,  
They watch'd in vain for the returning sail ;  
No minstrel's harp was heard—bereft they pour'd their  
wail.

## XL.

Return my wandering Muse—a fairer theme  
Invites thee to essay a loftier flight  
Than is thy wont—awaken from thy dream  
Of other years, and gaze upon the light,  
The majesty, the glory, and the might,  
That mid the nations of the earth have rais'd  
Full long my native land to such a height  
Of greatness that the admiring world has gaz'd  
On this unrivall'd Isle, delighted and amazed.



## XLI.

Where shall we find, however far we roam,  
A land in nature's varied charms more blest  
Throughout the year than is our Island home?  
Here youthful Spring, in tender verdure dressed,  
Smiling appears, and rapture thrills each breast,—  
Summer in splendour decks our hills and plains,—  
In Autumn's stores Heaven's bounty is exprest,—  
And Winter blends with comforts sweet his pains,  
While thron'd 'mid storms in dread magnificence he  
reigns.

## XLII.

Wealth, Power, and Glory, Britain! are thine own:  
Thy Commerce spreads its sails on every sea,  
Bearing where'er thy mighty name is known  
The exhaustless produce of thine industry.  
Thy arms have brought the Despot to his knee  
Where'er their voice of thunder hath resounded.  
Oppression, too, and lawless Tyranny  
Have heard that voice, and felt their schemes  
confounded,  
And, trembling, own'd thy sway triumphant and un-  
bounded.



## XLIII.

Nor less thy sons excel in every art  
 That can ennoble or enrich the mind.  
 Science delights her eagle eye to dart  
 Through nature's frame, ever assured to find  
 New treasures : while Philosophy, enshrined  
 With Truth, unfolds her pure and hallowed lore.  
 She, for thy Boyle, thy Locke, thy Newton, twin'd  
 Long since, bright wreaths to flourish evermore,—  
 Their names with thine are blent on Ocean's farthest  
 shore.

## XLIV.

What miracles of grace and beauty rise  
 When Genius guides the British Artist's hand !  
 Glowing with life, the canvass greets our eyes ;—  
 The marble breathes ; all beautiful, and grand,  
 Works of undying fame adorn the land.  
 Nor will the fostering sun of patronage  
 Withdraw its beams when high designs are plann'd,  
 While EGREMONT, Mæcenas of the age,  
 Survives : Heaven grant him health to life's extremest  
 stage !

## XLV.

But Fame her brightest, most unfading wreaths  
 Hath woven, Britain ! for thy minstrel throng,  
 Through whose high strains that hallow'd influence  
                   breathes

Which must exalt and bless mankind as long  
 As Truth and Nature charm. Rich, pure, and strong,  
 Through Spenser's magic harpings glows the light  
 Of Poesy divine : his fairy song,  
 Of gentle Virgin and redoubted Knight,  
 " Fierce wars and faithful loves," yields ever fresh delight.

## XLVI.

Shakespeare, thy pride and Nature's, ever stands  
 Pre-eminent amid the gifted race ;  
 He, as with talismanic power, commands  
 All passions, thoughts and feelings ; every grace  
 And foible of humanity we trace  
 In his unequall'd page. Thy Milton's lays  
 Wing the rapt soul beyond or time or space,  
 To mingle with the angelic choirs that raise  
 Around the throne of Heaven eternal hymns of praise.

## XLVII.

Nor these alone her boast,—full many a name  
Dear to the Muse and Fame in years by-gone,  
And mid the living band whose numbers claim  
Our charmed regard, may Britain proudly own.  
I bless them, for their minstrelsy has thrown  
The light of joy my lowly path around,  
And given my mind that quiet, happy tone  
Which, even where Fortune, Fame and Power abound,  
Has been, though sought with care, alas ! but seldom found.

## XLVIII.

Where'er I turn, the grace and loveliness  
That meet mine eye in ocean, earth, and air,  
Would surely make an infidel confess  
That Heaven regards with an especial care  
This happy Isle. Oh ! may the Patriot's prayer  
Ever ascend that favour to secure :—  
The throne of Justice still may Mercy share,  
And glorious deeds my Country's fame ensure,  
And grandeur, ne'er to fade while sun and moon endure.

## XLIX.

Eternal Ruler of the earth and skies,  
 Whose property is ever to be good,  
 Beneath whose smile to glory nations rise,—  
 Beneath whose frown sinks Tyranny's fell brood—  
 Oh! ever, with benign solicitude,  
 O'er Albion watch—be still her sure defence,  
 Her shield and buckler; dauntless fortitude,  
 And zeal and virtue to her Sons dispense;  
 Her Daughters still adorn with truth and innocence.

## L.

And with thy holy influence ever cherish  
 That Spirit of Benevolence, whose hand  
 Hath rear'd in strength and beauty ne'er to perish  
 Those monuments by Love and Pity plann'd,  
 Which shed a hallow'd light o'er all the land.  
 And while as Heaven's resplendent host they shine,  
 Like stars in fadeless glory bid them stand,  
 Man's rugged path to cheer—to bless—refine,  
 And elevate our race—AND ALL THE PRAISE BE THINE.

## NOTES.

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### NOTE 1.—STANZA VII.

*But never Bard to celebrate their praise  
The magic lyre of Poesy has strung.*

This poem was commenced previous to the publication of the Bard of the Sea-kings, by the talented Miss E. L. Montagu.

### NOTE 2.—STANZA XXV.

*There Vecta fair.  
The Isle of Wight.*

### NOTE 3.—STANZA XXXVII.

*Thus when the Danish horde from yonder deep  
Ruthless advanc'd, Cicestria to enslave.*

The following passages refer to, and illustrate the invasion of the Danes, alluded to in this stanza.

“The beautiful spot of ground called Kingley Bottom, is equally divided between West Stoke and the adjoining parish of Lavant. Yew trees abound, which are rarely equalled for number and luxuriant vegetation. It is conjectured that

this is the site of that dreadful slaughter of the marauding Danes by the men of Chichester of which Chroniclers speak, as having happened about the year 900. Their Sea-kings, or piratical chiefs, were then probably slain, and interred in the barrow on the summit."

*Dallaway's Western Sussex.*

"During these transactions, Alfred had reached Exeter with so much expedition, that the invaders, disconcerted by his unexpected presence, raised the siege of the town with precipitation, hastened to their ships, and committed themselves once more to the chance of the ocean. On their return round the southern shore, they attacked Chichester, on the coast of Sussex, but the brave citizens repulsed them to the sea, slaying many hundreds and taking some ships."

"In 994 the breezes of the spring wafted into the Thames two warlike kings, Olave Tryggva's son, king of Norway, and Svein, King of Denmark, in temporary confederation. They were repelled at London; but though their force was unimportant, they were able to overrun the maritime part of Essex and Kent, and afterwards Sussex and Hampshire with successful outrage."

*Turner's History of the Anglo-Saxons.*



## THE LAVANT.

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### I.

'Tis sweet in manhood's prime to feel the glow  
Of youthful joy revisiting the heart ;  
Sweet as when o'er the dreary landscape blow  
Spring's first warm gales, and milder sunbeams dart  
Their smiles in Nature's face,—and, with a start,  
Beauty and fragrance wake, as from a trance.  
Surely that joy will never quite depart ;  
I feel its warmth, unchill'd by life's advance,  
Whene'er my early haunts meet my delighted glance.



## II.

Oh ! I can ne'er forget those sunny hours,  
When, glad of heart, along thy banks I stray'd,  
Dear native Stream, and pluck'd the springing flowers  
That grew thereon, and childhood's gambols play'd ;  
Ere yet, with ruthless hand, stern Care had laid  
His yoke upon me, and his rugged lore,  
In many an arduous lesson had display'd :  
Yea, still, in memory's fondly cherish'd store,  
Those happy hours shall live till memory be no more !

## III.

And to my eye, 'mid recollections sweet,  
Through fairy-regions still thou seem'st to stray ;  
The same fresh verdure still invites my feet  
To wander, and I hear from every spray  
The same glad notes from woodland songster gay ;  
And that awakening sense of bliss long fled,  
Pervades my bosom with resistless sway,  
While, musing on the past, once more I tread  
Thy peaceful borders green, by pensive Fancy led.

## IV.

It seems to me as if Time's mighty wing,  
 That sweeps great empires from their base, o'er thee  
 Had pass'd, as o'er some blest and holy thing  
 Not subject to its power; for, still I see,  
 Just as when life's bright morning smil'd on me,  
 In the same quiet course thou rollest on:—  
 Yet, in thy wanderings, what diversity,  
 What varying aspects hast thou undergone!  
 Nor varied less hath been my fate, though more unknown.

## V.

I've gaz'd upon thee with delight when smooth  
 And glistening in the beams of spring's bright reign,  
 With murmuring sound that troubled breasts might  
     soothe,  
 Thou sought'st, thro' meadows fair, the distant main:  
 E'en so in youth, from sorrow free and pain,  
 My days flow'd on in laughing Joy's career,  
 While Fancy, with her gay fantastic train,  
 Attending, bade on every hand appear  
 Those visions which through life Remembrance holds so  
     dear.

## VI.

But not alone from buoyant health and youth  
Sprung all the transports that then thrill'd my breast;  
For on my mind, e'en then had heavenly Truth  
That deeper sense of happiness imprest,  
Which makes the humblest lot supremely blest :  
This op'd the source from whence sad sorrow drew,  
In after life, when many troubles prest,  
Rich healing balm. Her cheering influence too  
Enchanting POESY o'er each fair prospect threw.

## VII.

The charm of song upon my spirit's gladness  
With wondrous power in that gay season fell,  
Blending with joy a shade of pleasing sadness,  
And calling up, as by some wizard spell,  
Bright dreams of which I strove in vain to tell ;  
Each vivid image glow'd, and pass'd away.  
But with still more delight my mind would dwell  
On brighter glories, which Truth's steady ray  
Reveal'd—the realms of rest and peace and endless day.

## VIII.

I've seen thy waters with a torrent's force  
Resistless, and with loud and rushing sound,  
Dash forward in their wild impetuous course,  
As if they scorn'd thy channel's narrow bound ;  
While Winter on the naked landscape frown'd  
In sullen majesty, and with a blast  
Terrific, call'd his gathering storms around :  
Black Ruin follow'd quick where'er they pass'd,  
And o'er Creation's face thick gloom and horror cast.

## IX.

And cheerless was the scene, and dark the hour :—  
So, once, my fate, all desolate and drear,  
And overwhelm'd by fell Affliction's power,  
Seem'd stript of all that made existence dear,  
And prompted many a sigh and bitter tear :  
But as returning Summer's gladdening beam  
Appeas'd thy waves, so Time, in his career,  
Still made receding grief and trial seem  
But as the fading trace of some distressful dream.

## x.

We feel a joy surpassing that which springs  
 From present pleasure, when the pensive mind,  
 Silently musing on departed things,  
 To soft reflection's influence is resign'd ;  
 For Fancy, then, with Memory's power hath join'd  
 Her witching art ; and on past Sorrow's brow  
 With fairy-hands a roseate wreath they bind ;—  
 While as they rise, remember'd scenes of woe,  
 Stript of their former gloom, in tender beauty glow.

## xi.

In all the countless throngs of former days,  
 Whose feet have prest thy banks, hath there appear'd  
 No Son of Song thy lapse obscure to praise :  
 Because, forsooth, no cataract was heard  
 Roaring amid thy course—no mountain rear'd  
 Its hoary crest above thee to the skies :  
 Because, forsooth, the world's contempt they fear'd,  
 Which might thy little Naiad's charms despise,  
 And view these meads and groves with undelighted eyes?

## XII.

Yes, there was One, albeit, who breath'd thy name  
 In tuneful verse ; for thou wert not unknown  
 To him,\* whom Genius and poetic fame  
 In vain conspir'd to bless ;—whose “frantic moan,”  
 More thrilling than the wild and tender tone  
 Of his own lyre, arose upon the wind  
 That swept thy marge, when pensive and alone,  
 Amid these scenes, his worn and clouded mind  
 Gaz'd anxiously around, some resting-place to find.

## XIII.

He sought the abode of Peace :—but Genius gave  
 No light to guide the wanderer on his way ;  
 Fame stood aloof,—was silent, and look'd grave ;  
 And Fancy's flights but led him more astray ;  
 E'en Learning shone but with a feeble ray,  
 And tardy Fortune could afford no aid :  
 At length, fair Truth, resplendent as the day,  
 Before his eyes the “best of books” display'd,  
 And sunshine cheer'd his path e'en through Death's  
 fearful shade.

\* The Poet Collins.



## XIV.

Child of Misfortune ! whosoe'er thou art,  
 That, lingering near, his sculptur'd form mayst see  
 Within yon sacred Pile\* ; ere thou depart,  
 E'en though the Muse may not be dear to thee,  
 Shed o'er his grave the tear of sympathy :—  
 And may that peace which bless'd his life's decline,  
 (From all his woes and bitter anguish free,)  
 His hopes, his holy confidence be thine ;  
 Affliction then may frown,—but thou wilt not repine.

## XV.

Thy beauties, humble as they are, fair Stream,  
 Are dear to me, and lovely in mine eyes ;  
 And, had I skill to manage well the theme,  
 Might lead my timid Muse to enterprise ;  
 But she, as oft as difficulties rise  
 To check her ardour, from th' unfinished strain  
 In conscious weakness and dejection flies ;  
 But, re-assur'd, as oft returns again,  
 Reluctant to forego the pleasure with the pain.

\* Chichester Cathedral.



## XVI.

And still in silent loneliness my mind,  
 E'en while my hands stern Labour's shackles wear,  
 In POESY a solace sweet shall find—  
 An ample recompence for toil and care :  
 And hither oft at eve will I repair,  
 And while I muse, or frame some simple lay,  
 (Which like thy murmurs, Lavant, few shall hear)  
 Calm Meditation by my side shall stray,  
 And Peace, as is her wont, attend my lonely way.

## XVII.

Now sinks to glorious rest th' all cheering sun,  
 Surrounded by a gorgeous cloudy train ;  
 While, 'mid a silent host of shadows dun,  
 Twilight begins his mild, but transient reign ;  
 But though obscurity involves the plain,  
 The light of day still gilds yon stately spire :  
 So shines the mind which Faith and Hope sustain,  
 Far, far above earth's scenes, and low desire,  
 Illumin'd by a spark of pure ethereal fire.

## XVIII.

Soft as the dews the deepening shades descend,  
And spread a solemn, sacred calm around,  
Till night's broad wings o'er all the scene extend.  
Nought breaks the stillness save the gentle sound  
Of rippling waves, that glimmer as they bound  
On their dark way. Who would not wish to dwell  
For ever where such tranquil joys are found?  
But Duty speaks in yonder curfew bell,  
And warns me to depart—blest scenes awhile farewell!

# KINGSHAME,

WITH HISTORICAL NOTES.

—oo—

## INTRODUCTION.

—oo—

KINGSHAME, which is situated in the Parish of St. Pancrass, about a quarter of a mile distant from the South-east wall of the City of Chichester, is now a mere farm-stead, the property of His Grace the Duke of Richmond; but that it was a place of some importance, even at a very early period, will be seen from the following extract from *Dallaway's Western Sussex* :

“ Kingshame, as the name imports, was a royal house, and for many centuries was held in capite<sup>a</sup> of the Crown, by the petit serjeanty<sup>b</sup> of presenting to the King, as often

<sup>a</sup> Tenure of Capite was where lands were holden of the King immediately.

<sup>b</sup> Tenure by Petit Serjeanty consisted in holding lands of the King by the service of rendering to him annually some small implement of war, as a bow, a sword, a lance, an arrow, or the like.

as he should come, a skein of thread for his cross bow. As the name is Saxon, it warrants a conjecture, that it was occasionally a residence of their kings. In 1276, the fourth year of his reign, King Edward the First remained for some time there, as is proved by the dates of his letters patent, &c. In the 10th of Edward the Second, it was demised to William le Taverner. Among the first who held of the crown, were the Barons St. John, and by marriage it passed to the family of Sydney, to whom it was confirmed by King Henry the Fifth, in the second year of his reign. The Shelleys, of Michelgrove, had been long possessed, previously to a private Act of Parliament having been obtained by which it was enfranchised, and sold to Joseph Randall, Gent., by Sir John Shelley, Bart. By his will it was devised to the late William Dearling, Esq."

## Kingshame.

---

KINGSHAME! though reft of nearly every grace  
That once was thine, I still delight to trace  
The scenes, among whose beauties, in life's spring,  
I rambled joyously—and longed to sing:—  
And 'neath the pine-trees, where on high the wind  
Such music breathes as suits the pensive mind,  
Full many a draught of inspiration drank  
From Britain's gifted Bards, on Lavant's bank:—  
Whose waters through yon mead, in days of yore,  
In sunshine glided—but glide there no more.

Where now the Mansion,<sup>(1)</sup> that once reared on high  
Its stately gables, pointing to the sky ;  
Through whose dim corridors, at eventide,  
Vague, shadowy spectre forms were said to glide ?  
While many an ancient dame would tell the tale,  
At which her youthful auditors grew pale,  
Of the tall Lady, seen athwart the gloom  
Mysteriously to flit from room to room.

Where the tall elms, whose branches spreading wide,  
Threw their broad shade, and flourished in their pride ;  
Amid whose foliage I, entranced, first heard  
The song of night's sweet, melancholy bird ?  
Where the green lane, which I so oft have trod,  
Musing on Nature's works,—and Nature's God ;  
And deemed my cup of earthly pleasure full,  
All seemed so good—and all so beautiful ;—  
And 'mid my reveries felt desire grow strong  
To pour my happy feelings into song ?  
All, all are passed,—yet Memory, in her store,  
Fondly preserves them, and still ponders o'er  
Their varied charms,—while to her tranquil eye  
Each scene appears fresh as in days gone by.



And now my Muse, so rarely known to roam  
For themes beyond the confines of her home,  
Would gladly rescue from oblivion's shade  
Some traces of thy greatness—ere they fade;  
And bid to live amongst her humble lays  
The fame and glory of thy better days.

Now, Fancy! spread thy wings, and soar sublime  
Up the long vista of receding time;  
And by the light of History's torch unfold  
The scenes that graced this favoured spot of old.

Of ages far remote, when o'er these plains  
The imperial Eagle flew, here yet remains  
One relic<sup>(2)</sup> of that proud, invading Power,  
Who, flushed with conquest, poured, in evil hour,  
From the bright fanes and palaces of Rome,  
To devastate the Briton's humbler home.

When the fierce Saxon tribes, in later time,  
Filled all the land with misery and with crime,

And Albion's sons, degraded and dismayed,  
Groaned 'neath the yoke those tyrant lords had made ;  
When gloom and terror far and wide held sway,  
And Freedom fled to distant climes away,  
Within these walls the petty Sovereign sate,  
In all the rude magnificence of state  
That marks a barbarous age, a despot's reign,  
People oppressed—nor daring to complain.

Long years thus passed, till Egbert,<sup>(3)</sup> one by one,  
Reduced each little tyrant,—and alone  
Supreme in Britain reigned. A brighter day  
Now dawns—the clouds and tempests clear away ;  
And meek-eyed Peace, returning, scatters wide  
Her healing influences on every side :—  
And frequent Royal visits now were made  
For pleasance, Kingshame ! to thy sylvan shade.

But soon that sun went down ; and from the North  
The darkly gathering storm of war broke forth :—

And lo! the Sea-kings, who no realm could boast  
Save ocean's vast expanse, on Albion's coast  
Fiercely descended—and wher'er they came,  
Pillage, and ruin, and devouring flame,  
The Raven Standard,<sup>(4)</sup> and a ruthless force,  
Marked the fierce Pirates' desolating course.

Thus when immortal Alfred<sup>(5)</sup> ruled the land ;  
Those savage hordes, on fair Devonian's strand,  
Wide havock spread—but from his arm of might  
In wild disorder, and in frantic flight,  
The plunderers hurried to the sea. Again  
Their sails unfold, their "Dragons"<sup>(6)</sup> skim the main.  
On, on they speed through ocean's billowy way,  
Till Cymon's<sup>(7)</sup> wooded coast before them lay.  
Again their sails are reefed,—they land once more,  
And crowd, in terrible array, the shore :—  
Then inland rush, on spoil and blood intent,  
And towards Cicestria's<sup>(8)</sup> walls their march is bent.  
Unfurled, their banners flutter in the gale,  
And bright the sunbeams fall on spear and mail.

But Cissa's gallant sons, in justice strong,  
And native valour, to their standard throng,  
And fearless haste to meet the foe. Anon  
Their dauntless chieftains lead them bravely on.  
And now the clash of arms, the Invader's yell,  
The Briton's shout, the fearful conflict tell.  
Fierce is the strife, but brief,—the Northmen yield—  
And fly, discomfitted, the bloody field :—  
Nor unpursued, while slaughter marks their way ;—  
And many a Sea-king falls in that dread fray.  
The sea receives the terror-stricken few ;—  
But many a bark in vain awaits her crew.

In Kingshame's Hall, the voice of joy resounds,  
And louder swell through all Cicestria's bounds  
The shouts of triumph, as the victors bring  
The lifeless forms of Danish Chief and King.  
To mark their victory, high on Bow Hill's brow  
The slain were laid in earth ;—and see ! even now  
Yon verdant mounds, that to this hour attest  
The graves where Sea-kings found their final rest.

Nor less the Norman line of Monarchs sought  
A refuge from state cares in this fair spot ;—  
And pomp, and pageantry, and wassail gay,  
'Mid Barons bold, and lovely Dames, bore sway :—  
The festive board was spread,—the minstrel sung,  
And courtiers revel held these shades among.

Wearied with war, and all the horrid train  
Of ills, that wrap in gloom the battle-plain,  
Here the first Edward, and his gentle Queen,  
Surrounded by their Court, full oft were seen,  
And 'mid retirement's calm were wont to gain  
Forgetfulness of strife, and care, and pain.  
And many a time the gay and Royal Band  
Within yon hallowed Temple took their stand  
Before St. Richard's shrine<sup>(9)</sup> :—and offerings<sup>(10)</sup> rare,  
And orisons were duly proffered there.  
And once, 'tis said, a lowly Harper's song  
Charmed with its simple tones the courtly throng.

Fair rose the morn,—a sunny morn of May,  
And o'er the landscape threw her mantle gay

Of freshest green, begemmed with countless flowers,  
That breathed their fragrant sweets through King-  
shame's bowers.

Oh! 'twas a goodly sight that day to see  
So fair a shew of England's Chivalry.

Young village maids and hinds, o'er all the green,  
Awe-struck, and wondering, gazed upon the scene,  
As from the portal wide the goodly train,  
Joyous of heart, forth issued to the plain.

A noble steed, in rich caparison,  
Bore the great Edward as he led them on ;  
And gallant Knights, and Squires, and Ladies fair,  
On palfreys, gorgeously arrayed, were there :—  
While sunlit banners with the mild air played,  
And crimson, gold, and purple hues displayed.  
Yon Spire, then newly risen, before their eyes,  
Symbol of Hope, stood looking to the skies,  
From pious zeal upspringing, to endure  
Symbol of Faith, the storms of time, secure.

The loyal Citizens, through every street,  
The cavalcade with acclamations greet,



And to their liege Lord duteous homage pay,  
 As towards the sacred Fane he wends his way.  
 Alighting, 'mid glad shouts, with reverence due,  
 Slowly they pass the hallowed precincts through ;  
 And as they pace the aisle, a prelude sweet  
 And pleasing symphony their charmed ears greet,—  
 Their steps arrest. The Minstrel thus, ere long,  
 Poured his prophetic spirit into song.

### THE HARPER'S SONG.

---

Sleep ! HOLY FATHER ! sleep in peace ;  
 Thy saintly pilgrimage is o'er ;  
 Here all thy toil and trials cease,  
 And rest awaits thee evermore,  
 Till the glad Resurrection morn  
 Shall summon thee to bliss new-born.

Angelic minstrels ever throng  
 Around thy consecrated shrine ;  
 Unheard by human ears their song ;—  
 Unseen by man their forms divine.  
 Would that this harp of mine could give  
 Such strains for one short hour to live.

It may not be—but that bright train,  
When'er thy children raise their voice  
To hymn thy praise, will not disdain  
To listen to them, and rejoice  
To know that to earth's sons is given  
Some portion of the joys of Heaven.

And generations yet unborn,  
Shall duly to this spot repair,  
Weary, and sad, and travel-worn,  
With votive offerings, and with prayer ;  
And comfort find ;—and bear away  
Visions of cheer for many a day.

The future dawns upon me ;—see !  
They come from hamlet, tower, and town,  
Ladies and Knights, of high degree,  
The Noble, and the peasant Clown ;—  
They kneel, and pious fervours rise  
From hearts devout to tearful eyes.

The conscience-stricken penitent  
Deeply bemoans his fallen state ;  
With wandering long, and sorrow spent,  
He comes his crimes to expiate.  
And he, glad pilgrim, shall depart  
With Hope's mild warmth around his heart.

Lo ! bright-eyed youths, and maidens fair,  
For days to come a blessing crave !  
And stalwart manhood, too, is there,  
And age, fast hastening to the grave :—  
In simple faith, and humble trust,  
They linger near thy honoured dust.

Sleep ! Saint revered ! in peace sleep on,  
Thy love and toil have won sweet rest,  
Till that eternal day shall dawn  
When thou shalt rise, and, with the blest,  
Triumphant to those regions soar  
Where bliss awaits thee evermore.

Well pleased the Monarch listened to the Bard,  
And his approval marked with fit reward.<sup>(11)</sup>

Kingshame ! though stript of all thy former grace  
E'en now I love my Boyhood's haunts to trace :—  
For well they conjure back the sunny light,  
(Heaven-born it must have been, it shone so bright)  
That threw its beams around my early days,  
And filled my heart with thankfulness and praise.

And oh ! 'tis passing sweet, in life's decline,  
To feel that joy, less earthly than divine,  
Which thrills the bosom of the happy child,  
Bright as the sun,—as vernal zephyrs mild,  
And in the poet's soul hath power to raise  
Those visions fair that glorify his lays.

FOUNTAIN of every perfect gift and good !  
That joy still pour,—and give me gratitude.

## NOTES.

---

(1)

Early in the last century, Kingshame House, surrounded by a moat, preserved much of its ancient form, and contained many spacious rooms, particularly one, in which was a large bay window, with several escocheons, bearing the Sydney arms.

—*Dallaway.*

(2)

At the West end of the terrace, in the garden, may still be seen a Bath, which is said to be of Roman origin.

(3)

In the early part of the 9th century, Egbert, King of Wessex, after having reduced all the other Kingdoms of the Heptarchy under his dominion, was the first King of England.

(4)

A Danish banner, on which was wrought the figure of a raven, which was said to have hung down its head when defeat was at hand, and to clap its wings in token of victory.

(5)

“During these transactions, Alfred had reached Exeter with so much expedition, that the invaders, disconcerted by his unexpected presence, raised the siege of the Town with precipitation, hastened to their ships, and committed themselves once more to the chance of the ocean. On their return round the southern shore, they attacked Chichester, on the coast of Sussex, but the brave citizens repulsed them to the sea, slaying many hundreds and taking some ships.”

*Turner's History of the Anglo-Saxons.*

(6)

The Sea-kings usually called their war-ships “Dragons,” and “Steeds of the Ocean.”

(7)

Cymon was the second son of Ella, and his name was



given to the inlet of the sea now called Chichester Harbour.

## (8)

The city of Regnum was rebuilt by Cissa, the son of Ella, who gave it his own name, Cissa Caester, now Chichester.

## (9)

The tomb of St. Richard, in Chichester Cathedral. This prelate died in 1253, and was renowned for his great learning, and the sanctity of his life. Beneath his portrait on the East side of the South Transept, is a long inscription in Latin, giving an account of certain miracles which he is said to have wrought; however this may have been, it is well known that he was a great and good man, and such relations are quite in accordance with the manners and opinions of the times in which he lived; his charity to the poor was unbounded, and his preaching, wherever he went, drew after him multitudes of hearers. In 1262, he was canonized by Pope Urban V., and from that time until the Reformation, on his anniversary (April 3) this shrine was visited by vast numbers of people from the surrounding towns and villages, and this proved a source of great emolument to the Church.

(10)

That King Edward I. often visited Chichester appears from the following entries in "The wardrobe accounts" of that Monarch, and for which I am indebted to the Sussex Archæological Collections.

"The 16th of June, 1276, was a great festal day in Chichester, on which occasion the bones of St. Richard were translated to his new shrine in the Cathedral; and the King, Queen, and all the Court, with the Archbishop Robert Kilwardby, and several Bishops, were present at the ceremony."

The following gifts presented by the Royal Family are recorded in the same accounts; viz. "Clasps of gold from William de Farendon, —one clasp of gold bought from him, of the price of 106s. and 8d., offered by the King at the shrine of St. Richard, of Chichester."

"From the same William, one gold clasp of the same fashion, price 100s., offered for the Lord Edward, son of the King, at the shrine of St. Richard, at Chichester."

"From the damsel Ediliva, two gold clasps, of the same fashion, price 36s., offered for the Ladies Maria and Elizabeth, daughters of the King, at the shrine of St. Richard, at Chichester."

"From Master Robert le Normand, three gold clasps of

of the same fashion, price £4 6s, offered for the Ladies Alionora, Johanna, and Margareta, daughters of the King, at the shrine of St. Richard, at Chichester."

One of the offerings of Edward I. to Chichester appears in the accounts of his Jeweller, Adam of Shoreditch, in 1294, when four large golden brooches were made for the shrines of St. William, of York, St. Thomas, of Canterbury, St. Richard, of Chichester, and St. Atheldreda, of Ely; which brooches were made out of a golden vase of the weight of 19 shillings and 6 pence, found in the Castle of Edinburgh.

## (11)

The following entry also appears in the wardrobe account of the same King—"May the 26th, 1297, to Walter Livel the Harper of Chichester, whom the King found playing the harp before the tomb of St. Richard, in the Cathedral, 6 shillings and 8 pennies."--This was the value of a Noble, a coin then in use.

## THE APOLOGY

WRITTEN ON BEING ASKED IF I HAD ABANDONED THE PRACTICE OF  
MAKING VERSES.

---

THINK'ST thou, because no song appears,  
No new-born numbers greet thine ears,  
That fancy's joyful reign is o'er,  
And POESY can charm no more?  
Perish the thought!—Did e'er the Free  
Seek to resign their liberty?  
Will the rich miser quit his store,  
And beg the privilege to be poor?  
Or will the fond, enamour'd youth,  
Whose bosom glows with love and truth,

When on the bridal eve he seems  
To realize Hope's fairest dreams,—  
Say, will he dash the cup aside,  
Renounce his young and beauteous bride,  
And rather than be blest or bless,  
Pine in the shades of loneliness?  
As soon the man who once hath proved  
The power of Song, shall be unmoved,  
When aught great, beautiful, or new,  
In mind or matter, meets his view,  
Whether it be the sentiment  
Of Virtue—Piety—Content,  
Or whether Nature's charms allure  
Th' enthusiast to enjoyment pure;  
His bosom thrills with raptures high,  
The warm tear glistens in his eye;  
Then Inspiration o'er him throws  
Her mantle, and his full heart glows;  
In mute astonishment and love  
He casts his eyes around—above,—  
Or pours into impassion'd song  
The torrent of his feelings strong.

These are the pleasures that abound  
To those who tread the hallow'd ground  
Where Virtue, Learning and the Muse,  
Their genial influence diffuse.

For me, debarr'd from classic store,  
Unskill'd in scientific lore,  
How circumscrib'd my views must be !  
How humble too my minstrelsy !  
Full oft have I th' unfinish'd lay,  
In sad despondence cast away,  
And thought that vanity alone  
Had given my simple reed its tone ;  
That—" rash presumption !"—from the tongue  
Of Taste would blast my feeble song :  
Then would I seek, with fond endeavour,  
The sweet work to forswear for ever.  
But full as oft hath Fancy plumed  
Her wing, and I the theme resumed :  
Again to my delighted eyes  
Some brilliant vision would arise,  
Awakening in my glowing mind  
Feelings ecstatic, high, refined ;



And I would strive, mid joy's excess,  
Again those feelings to express ;  
And with a trembling hand essay  
Each vivid image to pourtray.  
But Oh ! how indistinct—how faint  
The humble transcript ! Who can paint  
Like Fancy, in that high wrought hour  
When she exerts her wondrous power,  
And through the mind, and o'er the scene,  
The magic charm is felt and seen ?  
So beauteous earth, so bright the skies,  
That all around seems paradise !

Yet still, how rude soe'er it be,  
I love my simple minstrelsy ;  
And aye must love,—for who can say  
How well it charms life's cares away ?  
How sweet its solace to beguile  
The hours of loneliness and toil ?  
I reckon not if the strain be heard  
But as the song of woodland bird,  
Whose warbling wild is only given  
To speak its gratitude to Heaven.

## TO POVERTY.

---

PRIDE's sturdy humbler, Poverty !  
Give ear, and I will sing to thee  
A song of merriment and glee,  
    For sure 'tis folly  
When fortune frowns, morose to be,  
    Or melancholy.

And though a wise o'erruling Power  
Hath placed me where thy shadows lower,  
Yet in my path springs many a flower,  
    Nor see I reason  
Why singing to beguile an hour  
    Should be deemed treason.

Thy rude, unhonour'd paths, content  
Thus far I've trod, and still am bent,  
Whether my future days be spent  
    In joy or sadness,  
To strive to find in each event  
    Some cause for gladness.

The die is cast—I know full well  
That I through life with thee must dwell ;  
Yet think not I will e'er rebel  
    'Gainst thy dominion,  
'Twere better far thy worth to tell,  
    That's my opinion.

The Rich who view from fortune's brow  
Thy vale outspreading far below,  
And think that Pleasure's sunny glow  
    Was never felt there,  
Are all deceived—how should they know  
    Who never dwelt there ?

If bliss were only to be found  
Where revelry's wild strains resound,—  
Where honours, pomp, and fame abound,  
    And idle leisure,  
Then might we search that valley round  
    In vain for pleasure.

But joys there are, nor few, nor vain,  
Which to thy cheerful, lowly train  
Sweet solace bring, though toil and pain  
    And care surround them ;  
In prose and verse I'll this maintain,  
    For I have found them.

To me, through life, this vale hath been  
A peaceful, a congenial scene,  
Where though a day might intervene  
    Of gloom and sorrow,  
Yet, when o'erpast I've ever seen  
    A brighter morrow.

There Hope and Patience did prepare,  
And mix with sweets my cup of care,  
And Piety made passing fair  
    Life's joyous morning ;  
And Fancy's magic hand was there  
    All things adorning.

Streams, meads, and groves, do not appear  
More fair, the deep blue sky more clear,  
Where fortune's rays shine bright, than here,  
    If Peace be near us ;  
And sweet Content, when skies are drear,  
    With sunlight cheer us.

Then take my hand, old Friend and tried,  
We still will plod on, side by side,—  
Enjoy what's given, and what's denied  
    We will not covet ;  
And—for the empty show of pride,  
    We live above it.

## LINES

OCCASIONED BY READING THE FOLLOWING STANZA OF GRAY'S ELEGY.

---

*“ Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,  
The dark—unfathom'd caves of Ocean bear;  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.”*

---

AND does the gem that lies in Ocean's caves,  
Far, far beneath the ever-restless waves,  
Emit less brilliant, or less pure, its rays,  
When hidden deep from day, and mortal gaze,  
Than when upon a Monarch's brow it gleams,  
Or gilds the shrine of Beauty with its beams?

Or is the flower that in the desert blooms,  
And the free wandering gale alone perfumes,  
Less lovely, while unmark'd by human eye,  
Less fragrant, while no footstep lingers nigh,  
Than when in the parterre it gaily blows,  
And admiration o'er its blossom glows ?  
O no !—still bright and beauteous, though unseen,  
They light the deep, and cheer the barren scene ;  
E'en as the nightingale, in woods remote,  
Pours forth, in many a wild and tender note,  
Her plaintive song,—that is not sung in vain,  
Though none but night and silence hear the strain.

'Tis thus with Genius (if beneath the sway  
Of truth and virtue he pursue his way)  
When chill Obscurity's dim shades surround  
His lonely path ; for 'mid the gloom profound  
A light is kindled—an unearthly flame,  
That wraps in splendour Nature's goodly frame.  
Where'er his eye may stray, the freshest green,  
The loveliest flowers, the purest rills are seen ;—  
Streams, forests, meads, the mountains and the vales,  
And each bright cloud that o'er the welkin sails,



To him appear, adorn'd by Fancy's hand,  
 In all the forms and hues of fairy-land ;  
 While winds and waters, hill and dell combine  
 To solace him with harmony divine.

Still higher is his joy, when o'er his soul  
 Those scenes of future bliss and glory roll,  
 Which Hope reveals, and Faith alone can see,  
 Bosom'd in limitless eternity.

With secret rapture thus he ponders o'er  
 Rich Nature's charms and Truth's exalted lore ;  
 And, borne on high by Contemplation's aid,  
 Lives in a world which his own mind hath made,  
 A world far brighter, lovelier far than this,  
 And feels an earnest of transcendent bliss.

On one enjoying such a boundless store,  
 Fortune may frown—but he can not be poor ;  
 She may, indeed, refuse that power to give,  
 Which bids in magic song his feelings live ;  
 She may forbid, too, that his humble name  
 Should ever issue from the trump of Fame ;  
 But would the boasted meed of fame bestow  
 On such a heart, a purer, warmer glow ?

Alas ! too well we know how many a bard  
 Hath sought through life to win her fond regard,  
 And oft, amid his toils, the pangs hath borne  
 Of disappointment, and neglect, and scorn :—  
 And if, at last, she smil'd—what hath he found ?  
 A fleeting shadow, and an empty sound.

O think not, then, when Genius fails to gain  
 Wide-spread renown, that he hath liv'd in vain !  
 He may a recompence much sweeter find,  
 In conscious dignity and peace of mind :  
 Nor useless deem his life, although the good  
 He does, be shrouded deep in solitude.

As in some lonely vale a nameless stream  
 Glides onward glistening in the solar beam,  
 And, secretly, with nourishment supplies  
 Herbs, trees, and flowers, that on its banks arise :  
 Thus calmly and obscurely pass his days,  
 Alike unmark'd by censure or by praise ;  
 And when at last with Hope he sinks to rest,  
 O who shall say that he has not been blest ?  
 He must be blest beyond the common lot—  
 Unhonour'd though he live, though Mem'ry know  
 him not.

## BLOOMFIELD'S GRAVE.

OCCASIONED BY READING IN A NEWSPAPER THAT THE PLACE WHERE  
THAT POET WAS BURIED WAS NOT DISTINGUISHED EVEN BY  
A COMMON GRAVE STONE.

---

THOUGH no Memorial marks the spot  
Where Nature's own sweet minstrel lies,  
He will not—cannot be forgot  
While Nature's charms delight our eyes ;  
Those charms his monument shall be,  
Cemented by our sympathy.

The rural Poet's humble grave  
Is better far in verdure drest,  
Than if the hand of Sculpture gave  
Protection to his place of rest ;  
For sweetly there the sun will shine,  
While rolling seasons guard the shrine.

And many a fond enthusiast there,  
Enamoured of his artless strains,  
With silent reverence shall repair,  
When Eve's inspiring stillness reigns,—  
And muse upon the wayward fate  
Of those who on the Muses wait.

He'll think how oft by mightiest woes  
The child of Genius is distrest ;  
How oft his ardent bosom glows  
With raptures not to be exprest ;  
That pain or pleasure in the extreme  
Are his through life's wild, varied dream.

And then, while pity's hallow'd tear  
    Stands trembling in the mourner's eye,  
Hope, whispering comfort, shall appear,  
    And point exulting to the sky,  
Where, with eternal peace and rest,  
His gentle spirit now is blest.

Ah! who that knew his sterling worth,  
    With feelings of regret will see,  
That his remains shall blend with earth  
    In lone, unmark'd obscurity?  
When marble sinks to dust, his name  
Shall live in stainless, deathless fame.

## MONODY

ON THE DEATH OF A POOR IDIOT GIRL.

---

OFt hath the Muse in mournful numbers sung  
Death's triumphs o'er the beautiful and young,  
And snatching, as the Spoiler bore away  
To the dark tomb his unresisting prey,  
The fading charm of beauty, once so strong,  
Embalm'd the relic in immortal song.  
And well the fair memorial could impart  
Sweet solace to distrest Affection's heart:—  
For there, with tearful eye, she might retrace  
Each beaming virtue, each still breathing grace;  
And mid her musings, painful though refined,  
Emotions sweet, yet sad, pervade her mind.

Thus gifted bards have sung, and given to fame  
The lasting record of full many a name  
Whose glowing talents, loveliness, or worth,  
Insured the immortality of earth.

No blaze of charms extinct, demands my strain ;  
No poignant sorrow bids my muse complain ;  
No blasted hopes—no cruel stroke of fate :  
But Pity claims it for the unfortunate.  
Fain would my verse, if verse of mine had power,  
Prolong the date of one whose final hour  
(An hour of triumph less, far less, to Death,  
Than to the victim who resigned her breath)  
Drew forth no tears save those of thankfulness ;  
And scarce could rouse a feeling of distress  
Where deepest her sad image was imprest—  
Even in her parent's ever anxious breast.

Evil and few Maria's days have been ;  
For Reason's ray divine ne'er cheer'd the scene  
Of her brief sojourn ; nor one favouring smile  
Did fortune deign her passage to beguile :  
But all the ills that on the footsteps press  
Of poverty extreme, and wretchedness,



Beset her path ; while she, unconscious quite,  
Perceived them not, nor knew her hapless plight.  
Surely the power that circumscrib'd her bliss,  
In his kind Providence appointed this ;  
Else had we never seen the glowing trace  
Of pleasure that oft lighted up her face ;  
Nor heard the long, loud bursts of merriment  
That spoke her bosom's peace, her soul's content.

Hard-fated maid ! thy little joys and woes  
Are past, and thou art sunk into repose ;  
Thy spirit, long deprest, and overcast,  
Hath burst its clayey prison, and, at last,  
Emancipated, holds its shining way  
To realms of endless happiness and day.

O deem not this presumption, ye who bow  
At Wisdom's awful shrine : whose bosoms glow  
With fervent love of Truth's exalted lore ;  
For though the maid in intellect was poor,—  
Though to no purpose she might seem to live,—  
Yet, mark the verdict Truth and Reason give :—  
“Mankind but live to prove Heaven's bounteous care :  
But not alike all seem that bliss to share :—

While joyous sunshine gilds the path of one,  
Through gloomy glades another's course may run.  
But 'all is well'—so wills indulgent Heaven;  
Much shall not be requir'd, where much hath not  
    been given."

## PEACE, BE STILL !

*Mark, chap. iv.*

---

O'ER the Lake's smooth bosom glancing,  
Day's declining splendour shone ;  
And the waves in glory dancing,  
Bore the favour'd vessel on.

There, in tranquil sleep extended,  
Bows the SAVIOUR'S wearied head,  
By cherubic guards attended ;  
Blissful visions round him spread.

On the horizon's verge, portending  
Sudden tempests, now appear'd  
One small cloud, which soon extending,  
Broader, darker, upward rear'd ;

And, o'er heaven's vast concave spreading,  
Veil'd it in the gloom of night ;  
While, anon, chill terror shedding,  
Rose the Whirlwind in his might.

Now the swift-wing'd lightning flashing—  
Thunder, in his chariot dark,  
Shakes the sky,—while surges dashing  
Tow'r above the tossing bark.

In mid air appalling Danger  
Rides upon the savage blast :  
E'en in hearts where Fear's a stranger,  
Every hope of life is past.

Still HE sleeps ! around his pillow  
Heavenly peace her wings doth close ;  
Howling wind, or foaming billow,  
Ne'er can break such blest repose.

“ Lord, awake ! or else we perish,”—

Thus his fearful followers crave :

“ Lord, awake ! to save and cherish ;—

Snatch thy servants from the wave !”

Rising, (in his aspect blended

Power and tender pity shone)

To the storm, with arm extended,

He his sovereign will makes known :—

“ PEACE, BE STILL !” The gracious mandate

Rises o’er the roaring wind ;

Nature hears, nor dares withstand it ;

Soon her terrors are resign’d.

All is calm ! Pale consternation

Flies from every brightening face ;

Wonder, joy, and adoration

Reign, nor leave of doubt a trace.

Happy he, who feels the pleasure  
    Meek Devotion's children prove !  
He may boast a boundless treasure  
    In his dear Redeemer's love.

On life's sea, when tempests near him  
    Rage, till inward horror thrill,  
His Eternal Friend shall hear him,  
    And shall whisper—"Peace, be still !"

Safe upon the Rock of Ages  
    Rests his hope, that never fails ;  
And the more the tempest rages,  
    Still the more his faith prevails.

If in life's last trying hour  
    Doubts and fears distract his breast,  
"Peace, be still !" shall check their power,  
    And his soul shall soar to rest.

## STANZAS

ON FINDING AMONG SOME RUINS THE REMAINS OF AN ÆOLIAN HARP.

*Inscribed to a Friend.*

---

SAY why does this relic our notice so claim,  
That our steps with reluctance retire ?  
Or why does the sight of its old shatter'd frame  
Such pleasing emotions inspire ?  
Its music is hush'd, every string is now gone,  
Where the rapt soul, on ecstasy's wing,  
Has oft to the call of wild harmony flown,  
And deem'd that she heard seraphs sing.



'Tis the thought of the pleasure it once could impart  
When this mansion, now ruined and drear,  
Was adorn'd with the beauties of nature and art,  
And splendour and riches were here.  
Then oft as the breeze, or the wild wind swept o'er,  
Would the mind's varied moods all awake ;  
But those days with their pleasures and pains are  
no more,  
Yet we still love the lyre for their sake !

And thus, my dear Friend, when life's morning is fled,  
And the shadows of age shall arise ;  
Then Remembrance may kindly be near with her aid,  
And Youth's visions still gladden our eyes.  
How blest, then, if calmly the past we survey,  
And with joy hail the prospect before,  
While Truth, Faith, and Hope shed their light on  
our way,  
As we pass to Eternity's shore.

## NEW YEAR'S EVE.

---

FAREWELL, Old Year, thy destined race will quickly  
have a close,

And thou among thy forefathers wilt sink into repose :  
But ere to dark oblivion's shore thy spirit wings its  
flight,

I fain would take thee by the hand, and kindly say—  
Good night.

For though thy lapse hath given birth to many a  
stormy hour ;

Though sighs and tears have mark'd the reign of  
pain's subduing power ;

Yet hath the scene, full oft, been deck'd in sunshine  
and delight ;

A thousand joys my heart hath known—but all are  
past—Good night.

And though with thee thou bear away from life's still  
cherish'd store,  
Days, weeks, and months, a numerous train, that can  
return no more ;  
Yet will the loss prove gain to those who walk in  
Truth's fair light ;  
It brings them nearer to their home, and promis'd  
rest—Good night.

We part to meet no more, old Friend, then let us part  
in peace ;  
Thou speedest to Eternity, where strife and discord  
cease ;  
And I, if future years be mine, how swift soe'er their  
flight,  
Will strive their purpose to fulfil, then wish them all—  
Good night.

VERSES ADDRESSED TO \* \* \* \* \*

WHOM I ACCOMPANIED TO THE GRAVE OF A FRIEND.

---

OF old, the patient pilgrim sought  
His Saint's remote and hallow'd shrine,  
And with Devotion's fervour fraught,  
His kindling spirit grew divine,  
While there his orisons he said,  
And meekly bow'd to earth his head.

How sweet his solace, when again  
Returning to his peaceful cell,  
If he some relic chanced to gain,  
On which his secret soul might dwell,  
When earth-born thoughts should not intrude  
To break his hallow'd solitude !

Nor with less ardent zeal and love,  
    My friend, didst thou thy way pursue,  
The joy that springs from grief to prove,  
    And all thy past regrets renew,  
While musing near the spot, where blend  
With earth the ashes of thy friend.

What though to him who slept below  
    Thy faith forbade thy lips to pray ?  
What though no relics thou canst shew ?  
    Yet, never pilgrim bore away  
A heart surcharg'd from holy shrine  
With feelings more refin'd than thine.

While lingering there Remembrance woke  
    And joys, long dead, again appeared ;  
Of joys to come, Hope, smiling, spoke ;  
    Her accents listening Fancy heard ;—  
“ Yes, on Eternity's calm shore,  
    Ye soon shall meet—to part no more.”

## THE SABBATH EVENING.

---

OH! 'tis delightful thus to stray,  
When heaven and earth seem lull'd to rest,  
And Peace o'er all extends her sway,  
And man and beast are blest.

When, gilded by the sun's last beam,  
Bright clouds along the western sky,  
In more than regal splendour, seem  
Reposing gloriously.

And, breathing through the elm-grove near,  
That still, small whisper comes abroad,  
Which speaks in Contemplation's ear,  
The presence of a God.

The shades of evening deepening round,  
    Dispose the pensive wanderer's mind  
To holy musings and profound,  
    Exalted and refined.

Season of rest! I love to feel  
    Thy freedom and thy hallow'd calm;  
For oft my care-sick heart they heal  
    With tranquillizing balm.

Oh! there are hours when mortals prove  
    A foretaste of transcendent bliss,  
Such as pervades the realms above—  
    And such an hour is this.

The world forgotten—o'er the soul,  
    Which earth-born cares no more oppress,  
What animating visions roll  
    Of future blessedness!



Thus do I find a sweet reward  
For six long days of toil and care ;  
Nor will I deem my portion hard  
While such delights I share.

And thus the trials, grief, and pain  
Of life their recompence shall prove,  
In an eternal Sabbath's reign  
With Peace, and Joy, and Love.

## TO HOPE.

---

LONG, gentle Hope! the rhyming tribe with one accord  
have striven  
To load with obloquy thy name, fair progeny of  
Heaven!  
“Vain, false, deluding cheat!” is aye the burden of  
their song;  
But by such slander my poor verse shall never do thee  
wrong.

Oh! thou hast been through life to me a tried and  
steady friend,  
And with undoubting confidence I'll trust thee to the  
end;  
For 'mid the woes that o'er my path their gloomy  
shade have spread,  
Thy sunny smile a radiance bright and sweet hath ever  
shed.

Though Fortune's star upon my birth pour'd forth no  
friendly ray,  
Yet thou from youth to manhood's prime hast cheer'd  
me on my way ;  
And if no golden store be mine, Content is with me  
found ;  
Toil cheerfully my wants supplies—my comforts too  
abound.

When Poesy first charm'd my gaze, in mystic vest  
array'd,  
And Fancy to my wondering eye, her magic power  
display'd ;  
Thou, Hope, didst prompt my hand to strike the Poet's  
lofty lyre ;—  
And in my song I oft am blest, though none the strain  
admire.

When dire Affliction on my fate its gloomy shadow  
cast,  
And with relentless fury blew Misfortune's wintry  
blast ;

Thou spak'st of better days to come—of sunshine, and  
of peace ;  
Of all the joys I since have known—of joys that still  
increase !

When Death's dread mandate call'd away belov'd ones  
from my sight,  
And o'er life's fairest scenes there seem'd to fall a  
withering blight,  
E'en in those trying hours, to soothe the pangs of  
grief and pain,  
Thou still wert near with words of cheer,—“ye soon  
shall meet again.”

And oh ! 'tis sweet to think upon those regions fair  
and bright,  
Which thou with angel-smile reveal'st to Faith's  
enraptur'd sight,  
Where friends, long parted, meet again to be for ever  
blest,—  
“Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the  
weary are at rest.”

Still let me, then, in Duty's path, my pilgrimage  
pursue,

With Truth my sure and constant guide, and thy fair  
star in view :

And may my heart at every step, with gratitude be  
glowing,

To Him whose hand hath fill'd my cup of bliss to  
overflowing.

## MY COTTAGE.

---

Yon Cottage, where the jasmine sweet,  
Wild roses, and the woodbine meet,  
And, to adorn the calm retreat,  
    So fondly twine ;  
That cot so humble, yet so neat,  
    I once call'd mine.

There Peace was wont to build her nest,  
Content was there a constant guest,  
And cheerful Labour, quiet Rest  
    Were ever there ;  
And I believed my lot was blest  
    Beyond compare.

Like some well-laden vessel riding,  
Old ocean's summer waves dividing,  
Or through the air the dove soft gliding,  
    My days pass'd on ;  
Young Love and Hope o'er all presiding,  
    And grief unknown.

But who among our fated race  
Can hold for any lengthen'd space  
The phantom Bliss in his embrace ?  
    Alas, not one !  
She shews awhile her angel-face,  
    And then is gone.

Full soon the storm began to lower,  
And darker, darker, grew each hour ;  
At length Affliction—ruthless power,  
    Approach'd the spot,  
And laid in dust the loveliest flower  
    That deck'd my cot.



And but for one fair Bud, which grew  
From that lov'd stem, and gave to view,  
Mid fragrant sweets, the same gay hue,—  
    As desolate  
As desert shrub or blasted yew,  
    Had been my fate.

But he who sees and blesses all,  
Thus rules events, however small,  
And still into the cup of gall  
    To mortals given,  
Bids Consolation's cordial fall,  
    Like dew from heaven.

And hence appear the smiles that chase  
From Sorrow's brow each mournful trace ;  
And hence still dear must be this place,  
    Though, since that day,  
Its strongest charm, its sweetest grace,  
    Have pass'd away.

And Memory fondly lingering nigh,  
Here oft shall gaze with grateful eye,  
And, when obscured my present sky,  
    Delight to bring  
The sunshine of the days gone by—  
    My life's bright spring.

## TO MY CHILD,

ON THE THIRD ANNIVERSARY OF HER MOTHER'S DEATH,  
APRIL XXVII, MDCCCXXIII.

---

THREE comfortless years, my Belov'd, have been telling  
Their long tale of woe, and are now pass'd away,  
Since the warm light of joy was remov'd from our dwelling,  
And sorrow beheld its last glimmering ray.

Unconscious wert thou of the heart-rending feeling,  
That prey'd on my peace in that season of grief;  
Yet thy infantine smile was for ever revealing  
A mild glimpse of comfort—a soothing relief.

Sole relic of One, who, now haply from heaven,  
In triumph looks back on this sorrowful state,  
In tender compassion thou surely wert given,  
With sweetness to mingle the cup of my fate.

And, oh! if the souls of the blest are permitted  
To visit again what they lov'd while below,  
Thy Mother's pure spirit, with care unremitted,  
O'er thee, my child, watches, and smiles—even now.

A thought so consoling my heart loves to cherish,  
And though some may deem it a fanciful dream,  
Yet, till feeling decay, and till memory shall perish,  
My mind shall still dwell on the rapturous theme.

And thus the remembrance of joys past for ever,  
The hope of more durable pleasures to come,  
Shall render life sweet, how distressing soever,  
And cheer the dark passage that leads to the tomb.

## A YEAR TOO LATE.

PRESENTED TO A LADY, ON THE FIRST DAY OF THE YEAR, WITH A  
POCKET BOOK BEARING THE DATE OF THE PRECEDING YEAR.

---

RECEIVE me, gentle friend, and take  
Compassion on my hapless fate ;  
Though gay the figure that I make,  
I come, alas ! a year too late.

Yet think not that I stand alone  
In this forlorn and hopeless state ;  
Thousands, if candour prompt, must own  
That they have been a year too late.

The fair Coquette loves, gaily deck'd,  
To flirt with every amorous mate,  
Till faded charms, and cold neglect,  
Exclaim, "you're now a year too late."

Nor less the man who wastes his youth  
In nibbling Folly's gilded bait,  
In age shall hear the voice of Truth,  
"Vain fool! you're now a year too late."

And many a bard, with studious cares  
And anxious longings to be great,  
His youth, and health, and vigour wears,  
Then finds that he's a year too late.

Then take me Lady; and oh! take  
A warning by my luckless fate;—  
Time flies—be good for Virtue's sake,  
Or you may be a year too late.

## TO A FRIEND,

WHO HAD REPEATEDLY ASKED THE AUTHOR IF HE DID NOT INTEND TO  
CONTINUE WRITING VERSES WITH A VIEW TO PUBLICATION.

---

YES, I do feel that I could sing again,  
But my friends urge strong reasons and prudential,  
Why such pursuits in one like me are vain,  
And to my future welfare not essential.  
They say I might more solid good attain  
Would I by other means, more influential,  
Strive to improve my lot ;—and once or twice  
I've felt dispos'd to follow their advice.

Yet think not I return with base ingratitude  
The muse's kindness,—that can never be.  
But if my mind can have no wider latitude  
To range in, and my hands may ne'er be free ;  
'Twould really be ridiculous—yes, that it would,  
To hope for wealth or fame from Poesy.  
Besides, just now so many are inspir'd  
That the trade fails—the world is growing tir'd.



Pass o'er my threshold ! see around me smiling,  
My cherub-train, all innocent and gay ;  
Making my heart glad, while my hands are toiling,  
With their sweet prattle and fantastic play :—  
You then will find that witcheries, more beguiling  
Than Fancy's power can frame, my actions sway.  
I love the tuneful art—but oh ! I prize  
Far more the joys my happy home supplies.

How often hath it been the fate of those  
Whose days and nights have to the muse be given,  
Ev'n while the wreath was green upon their brows,  
To feel their breasts with deadly anguish riven ;  
While to their ears the flatterer's plaudits rose  
Contempt's keen shafts have to their hearts been driven ;  
And bitter scorn, foul envy, fierce detraction,  
Have chas'd them to the confines of distraction.

Who, knowing this, would wish such fate to share ?  
I own I feel considerable objection.  
For laurels or renown I don't much care ;  
And haply my poor rhymes, upon inspection,

The Critic's searching glance but ill would bear.

And so it seems most wise, on due reflection,  
To quit at once the dangerous occupation  
Lest I should fall again into temptation.

'Tis true my little Book was well received,—

That I by many have been kindly treated ;  
But still, my Friend, 'tis not to be believ'd

That such indulgence e'er will be repeated :  
Too oft have generous patrons been deceiv'd

By needy bards, whose waywardness defeated  
Each project for their good design'd. These facts  
The world well knows,—and hence with caution acts.

To labour born, to labour I am willing,

For life with toil may have rich joys in store ;—  
And while I'm out of debt, and have a shilling,  
I wont be wretched,—and I can't be poor.

Yet think not that I wish to feel the chilling

And cheerless blasts that howl around the door  
Of poverty extreme :—ye Powers divine !  
Shield from their ruthless fury me and mine.

Enough of homely fare,—an humble dwelling,—  
Decent attire,—a shelf or two well stor'd  
With favourite books ; and a heart ever swelling  
With grateful feelings :—these to me afford  
Delights the Miser's sordid joys excelling :  
And all I ask, or hope for—in a word  
If future years should be but as the past,  
I'll be content, and thankful to the last.

## TO A LADY,

WHO HAD PRESENTED THE WRITER WITH A DRAWING OF THE CHURCH  
OF ST. LAWRENCE, ISLE OF WIGHT, SAID TO BE THE SMALLEST  
PAROCHIAL CHURCH IN GREAT BRITAIN.

---

THOUGH small thy dimensions may be ;  
    Though Simplicity bade thee arise ;  
Yet, e'en here, lowly Temple ! I see  
    All that Peace and that Piety prize.

Not the richly wrought aisle vaulted high,  
    Through which the deep organ-peals roll,  
Nor the spire proudly piercing the sky  
    Can awake holier thoughts in the soul.

For thus the Great Being who reigns  
    Amid glory no language can tell,  
Who inhabits eternity, deigns  
    With the meek and the humble to dwell.

Lives there one who could mark, unimprest  
    With mute awe and devotion profound,  
His love, power, and glory, confest  
    In the grandeur and beauty around ?

Surely not. Well prepar'd all must go  
    From such scenes at thine altar to raise,  
Hearts which ever unfeignedly glow  
    With affection, thanksgiving, and praise.

Though Fortune forbid me to roam  
    Where Nature her wonders displays,  
Yet Art often brings to my home  
    Scenes on which I with transport may gaze.

And thou, simple Fabric ! art here,  
    In thy beautiful lowliness, traced  
By a hand that must ever be dear  
    To the Muses—to Virtue—to Taste.

## TO SOLITUDE.

WRITTEN ON TAKING POSSESSION OF LODGINGS IN A SOLITARY SITUATION  
IN MY NATIVE CITY, MDCCCXXII.

---

O Solitude ! lone maid, I come  
To share with thee, amid the gloom  
Of this sequester'd nook, a home  
    Remote from din :—  
Such is my wish, such is my doom,  
    So take me in.

There was a time, perchance, when thou  
Wert far less dear to me than now ;  
But to my fortune I will bow,  
    And not repine ;  
For why may joy not gild thy brow,  
    And peace be thine ?

Sure none are better match'd than we ;  
Thy quiet joys are sweet to me ;  
Ambition's dread—obscurity,  
    Is our delight ;  
Blest in each other we shall be,  
    By day, by night.

And if one rival should appear  
To claim my heart, thou need'st not fear ;  
Her smile shall render thee more dear,  
    Her infant glee,  
With guileless art, our home shall cheer,  
    And gladden thee.

And I will love thee still, and stray  
With thee when birds from every spray  
Salute the new-born, vernal day  
    With cheerful song ;  
And duly breathe a grateful lay  
    Their notes among.



And when in Lavant's gentle stream  
Reflected shines mild evening's beam,—  
And heaven and earth reposing seem,  
    We oft will roam  
Along the verdant banks, and dream  
    Of joys to come.

For though Adversity now flings  
Its shadow o'er me, yet Hope springs  
Full oft above its gloom, and brings  
    To my fond gaze,  
Visions of future, better things,  
    And brighter days.

But oh! if it be Heaven's intent  
My future life should thus be spent,  
My thoughts shall still be upward sent  
    With gratitude;  
And I with thee will dwell content,  
    Sweet solitude!

## KINGSHAME MEAD.

---

THE sun his shorten'd course hath run,  
And see! the wintry blast  
Its work of ruin hath begun—  
The leaves are falling fast:  
Reflection, sickening at the view,  
To musing sad inclin'd,  
Tinges with sorrow's ashy hue  
Each impulse of the mind.

O happy haunts! your calm retreat,  
From strife and tumult free,  
Remembrance renders still most sweet  
And welcome unto me;  
Bringing afresh the thrilling joy  
That revell'd in my breast,  
When here I stray'd, a pensive boy,  
With careless freedom blest.

Then oft as Spring with green and flowers  
Each wither'd scene attir'd,  
Wing'd with delight the sunny hours,  
And love and joy inspir'd,  
And from these groves the varied song  
Burst from the feather'd train,—  
My glad heart join'd the jocund throng,  
And hail'd his flowery reign.

Ee'n when, as now, o'er earth's fair face  
Stern Ruin's fingers pass'd,  
And Desolation's rueful trace  
Follow'd the stormy blast;  
Though nature mourn'd her fallen pride,  
Blest scenes! ye still were dear,  
O'er your decay my spirit sigh'd,  
Yet lov'd to linger near.

And here, once more, while Autumn's gloom  
On every side is spread,  
Escap'd from busy toil, I come,  
By melancholy led.

But oh ! not melancholy's power,  
Nor Autumn's darkest scowl,  
Can quench the bliss that gilds the hour  
When hope sustains the soul.

Her heavenly smile, so sweet, so pure,  
That speaks of peace and joy,  
Misfortune's clouds can ne'er obscure,  
Nor ought on earth destroy.  
E'en now fond Fancy seems to hear,  
Borne on the winds around,  
Her voice,—and, my sad heart to cheer,  
Interprets thus the sound :

“ Though sinking fast into the gloom  
Of Winter's dreary reign,  
These scenes shall yet revive, and bloom,  
When Spring returns again.  
And he shall come again, for so  
Unerring Truth has said,  
And summer's heat, and winter's snow,  
The sunshine and the shade,

“In sure succession shall appear,  
And mark the varying plains  
With change, to grateful man most dear,  
Nor cease while earth remains.  
What though afflictions press thee hard,  
They press but for a while ;  
And yet may win thee rich reward  
In Heaven’s approving smile.

“And though life’s morn, that rose so fair,  
So soon be overcast,  
O do not yield to dark despair :  
The storm will soon be past.  
Already, see ! a beam of light  
Gilds e’en the present scene ;  
Foretaste of days to come, more bright  
Than all the past have been.

“But should thy future path be traced,  
Where clouds and darkness lower,  
My presence shall illumine the waste,  
And cheer the gloomy hour.

And Time, on eagle pinions borne,  
Speeds on his destined flight,  
To usher in that glorious morn  
Whose day ends not in night.”

## MY PILLOW.

---

ONCE more is my head on its pillow reclin'd,—  
    Again would my cares in oblivion be drown'd ;  
But a train of gay images throng in my mind,  
    Keeping Fancy awake as they float round and round.

Her eyes, quick as lightning, their shadowy forms trace,  
    As in rapid succession they hurry along ;  
And fain would she weave, if her flight could keep pace,  
    Their eccentric meanderings into a song.

Could this Pillow reveal half the fanciful schemes  
    Which I've plann'd, when in darkness my head it  
    sustain'd,  
Full as wild the display would appear as the dreams  
    Of the victim of fever—uncouth, unrestrain'd.



Yet soothing the power of those dreams on my mind,  
 And a source of unspeakable joys they disclose ;  
 For oft in their charms such enjoyment I find  
 As reality seldom or never bestows.

For what is reality ? say, what is life ?

All who feelingly answer the question, declare  
 'Tis a bubble—a dream—or a rude scene of strife,  
 Where of sorrow and pain each and all have a share.

Then sure he does well who to Fancy's green bowers  
 Hies away, to escape, when he can, scenes like this ;  
 For, while roving through paths deck'd with sunshine  
 and flowers,  
 Though ideal and transient yet pure is his bliss.

But not Fancy alone boasts the power thus to lift  
 The encumber'd and languishing spirit of man ;  
 No ;—blest be the Giver of every good gift,  
 Who in Mercy and Truth has accomplished his plan.

While Virtue in triumph her votaries leads

Through the dangers and gloom of this valley of tears,  
Faith, directed by Truth, into higher realms speeds,  
And anticipates freedom from doubts and from fears.

These, these make the sunshine, the peace and the joy

Which encourage the pilgrims of earth on their way ;  
And in vain may aught earthly essay to destroy  
Ev'n a beam of that glory which ne'er can decay.

TO JOHN FORBES, M. D. F. R. S.

---

EVER disinterested—ever kind,  
My Patron ! fain for thee the Muse would bind  
A fitting wreath—but, ah ! she strives in vain ;  
For all unequal is her highest strain  
Thy worth to tell : yet list the simple lay,  
The only tribute Gratitude can pay  
For favours numberless and sweet, that bring  
Joy to my home—and prompt my heart to sing.

Blest be the hour when first, like morning's ray  
Piercing the shades of night, thou found'st thy way  
Through the dense gloom that wrapt my early fate,  
With sunny smile that gloom to dissipate ;

When, as Benificence' refreshing tide,  
By thee directed, flow'd my path beside,  
Thou bad'st the lowly minstrel's harp resound ;  
While at the call, Taste's votaries press'd around,—  
A noble, beautiful, and gifted throng,  
To listen and applaud his untaught song.

While Prejudice beheld, with eye of fear,  
New joys and bright illumine my humble sphere,  
Deeming that mid their light my mind would stray  
From Duty's narrow path to scenes more gay,  
And, lur'd by Vanity's deceitful toys,  
Would cease to prize life's earlier, simpler joys ;  
By nobler aims inspir'd, and juster views,  
Thou gav'st thy aid to my poor, friendless Muse ;  
Assur'd that, though I lov'd her witching lore,  
My heart had treasures which it cherish'd more ;  
And would not sacrifice at Folly's shrine  
Domestic pleasures—bliss almost divine :  
And thou shalt ne'er repent thee of the good  
Thine hand hath wrought—nor meet ingratitude.

Should future years, e'en as the years by-gone,  
Through the still vale of humble life glide on,  
I never can repine ; for mine must be  
A lot distinguish'd in no mean degree :  
I still may gaze on Nature's varying face,  
And in each change new beauties learn to trace ;  
The simplest flower, the wildest wood-notes, hold  
A sweeter charm than misers find in gold ;  
Still may the voice of Song my bosom fire,  
And wake at times the chords of my own lyre,  
Whose warblings breathe a spell of wondrous power  
To soothe the care-worn mind in pensive hour.  
And thou wilt not withdraw thy kind regard,  
Which blesses not alone the unlettered bard :  
The cherub-train that claim his fondest care,  
And She, his bosom friend, its influence share :  
Glad faces throng my hearth-stone, where preside  
Unnumber'd comforts,—through thy hand supplied.

Can aught augment my store ? oh ! heaven ! impart  
A more contented,—a more thankful heart,  
And Genius, Fortune, Fame, though all combine,  
Can scarcely make a fate more blest than mine.

TO MRS. J. B. FREELAND,

ON THE MORNING OF THE 5TH OF MAY, 1832, THE DAY ON WHICH THE  
TRANSIT OF MERCURY OVER THE SUN'S DISC TOOK PLACE,  
AND WHICH SHE WAS DESIROUS OF OBSERVING.

---

OH! cloudless be the heavens to-day ;—  
Thou, Sun! in all thy glory rise—  
And give, while marching on thy way,  
The unwonted, beautiful display  
To our admiring eyes.

But, Lady! if denied to trace  
The Planet's darken'd form on high,  
Gliding athwart that glorious space,—  
Should disappointment cloud thy face,  
Or prompt regret's sad sigh?

Still blest art thou :—and through life's day

    May Fortune's sun upon thee shine ;  
Or if grief's shadow dim its ray,  
As quickly may it pass away,  
    And joy again be thine.

Long, too, may thy delighted eyes

    On thine own Constellation gaze :—  
Till, bright as those that gem the skies,  
Each Star to Fame's proud Zenith rise,  
    And bless thee with its rays.



TO MR. H. W. FREELAND,

WHO HAD PRESENTED THE WRITER WITH DR. JOHNSON'S LIVES OF THE  
POETS, AND DR. CURRIE'S LIFE OF BURNS.

---

'Twas wisely done, my generous Friend ! to place  
Before my view the fortunes of a race  
Of all mankind least happy, though possess  
Of gifts, by heaven design'd to make man blest.  
Had bounteous Nature kindled in my mind  
The flame of Genius—hallow'd and refin'd,  
Bade me to honors and to fame aspire,  
And taught my hand to sweep with skill the lyre,—  
Surely the woes the Muse's sons oft feel,  
Which Collins found that faith alone could heal,

Which Otway—Savage, bore,—might well restrain  
Each wish to join the inspir'd, yet stricken train.  
'Tis sad to think how oft the clouds of woe  
In blackness gather round the Poet's brow,—  
That while admiring throngs applaud his lay,  
Himself mid want and misery pines away.  
If such their fate, who live but to explore  
Learning's bright regions, gleaning classic lore,  
Shall I, debarr'd such privilege, dare rely  
Upon the broken reed of Poesy ?  
Should I, by Vanity led on, thus dare,  
Reason and Duty would exclaim, "Forbear ;"  
And I would not resign the joys that grace  
My hearth-stone for the Minstrel's proudest place.  
But while my song can charm a weary day ;  
While Friends, indulgent, listen to my lay ;  
Still will I sing and labour—well content ;  
For with my toil the Muse hath kindly blent  
Unnumber'd pleasures—and not least I prize  
The tributes Friendship's liberal hand supplies :  
O'er each, fond Memory hangs with grateful care,  
And, Freeland, yields, to thine no common share.

## THE BOWERS OF FRIENDSHIP.

INSCRIBED TO MR. WING.

---

How sweet it is, as wearily our progress we pursue  
Across the dreary wilderness life spreads before our view,  
To find at times, a resting place in those delightful bowers  
Which friendship by the way has reared, and decked with  
sweetest flowers.

For when our path is overcast with clouds of gloom  
profound,  
A cheering halo ever hangs those sacred spots around ;  
Whose radiance bright, bestow'd by Heav'n in its un-  
bounded love,  
A foretaste to earth's pilgrims yields of bliss that reigns  
above.

What though 'twas mine in early life a lonely path to  
tread

Far from that tract where Friendship's bowers their  
soothing shelter spread,

Yet fully my meridian hours have known that solace  
sweet,—

And once with thee I sojourn'd, WING! in such a blest  
retreat.

And oft amid my labour still, in silent solitude,

By Memory's magic aid those hours of pleasure are  
renew'd;—

And while my heart can taste of joy I never can forget,

E'en though we ne'er should meet again—that thus we  
once have met.

## STANZAS

IN MEMORY OF ELIZA MARY, WIFE OF JOHN FORBES, M.D.

---

THOU art passed to immortality,  
    To happiness and rest ;—  
Peaceful thy long last sleep shall be,  
While tenderest thoughts shall dwell on thee,  
And consecrate thy memory,  
    In many a kindred breast.

With heartfelt comfort we survey,  
    Thy course in years gone by ;—  
Health smiled—and 'neath thy virtues' sway,  
Hunger and misery, day by day,  
Fed, clothed, and happy, held their way ;  
    The tear left sorrow's eye.

But our sad hearts a solace find,  
    Sweeter and holier still,  
When we regard thy gentle mind,  
'Mid sufferings of no common kind,  
Meekly—nay cheerfully resigned  
    To thy GREAT MASTER'S will.

Patience, that angels joyed to view,  
    And God approved, was thine ;  
Offspring of Faith and Hope, it threw  
A light around thy couch, which grew  
Brighter, as near thy parting drew,  
    Like summer sun's decline.

No more of trial, or of pain ;—  
    Thou art landed on that shore  
Where Truth and Purity maintain,  
With Peace, their everlasting reign.  
To thee, blest Saint ! to die is gain—  
    Is life for evermore.

Sleep on—while we, as pilgrims, stray,  
    By grief and care oppressed,  
Still trusting, 'neath hope's cheering ray,  
Through HIM—the truth, the life, the way,  
Ere long, like thee, to pass away,  
    And share thy blissful rest.



## TO MISS L. NICOLLS.

WHO HAD PRESENTED THE WRITER WITH A SPLENDID COPY OF  
THOMSON'S SEASONS.

---

O Lady! oft as genial Spring shall deck the meads with  
flowers ;  
Or Summer gild with sunshine all the hills and woodland  
bowers ;  
Or Autumn decorate earth's breast with waving golden  
grain ;  
Or Winter fierce shall ruthless scour the desolated plain ;  
Thy kindness I will think upon, and breathe a prayer to  
Heaven,  
That in each Season, bright or drear, to thee and thine  
be given  
Ever to feel, and to enjoy, through many a future year,  
Health, Joy, and Peace, till life has run a long and bright  
career.

## VERSES

WRITTEN WHILE WATCHING BY THE CRADLE OF MY CHILD, DURING THE  
LAST NIGHT OF HIS EXISTENCE, SEPT. 23RD, 1831, AGED FOUR MONTHS.

---

My sad heart bleeds, my suffering child,  
    Thy struggles thus to see ;  
To hear the wailing, faint, yet wild,  
    That speaks thine agony ;—  
How dim those eyes that oft have smil'd  
    So witchingly on me.

Oh ! many a fond scheme I have plann'd  
    In which thou hadst a share ;  
Nor dream'd how soon th' Almighty Hand  
    Would take thee to its care :  
But Earth's best hopes are built on sand,  
    And fragile as they're fair.

I know that thou wilt soon be free ;  
    The parting hour is near ;  
But shall I question the decree  
    That calls thee to a sphere  
Where Angels wait to welcome thee  
    And wipe off every tear ?

Yet am I loath to part with thee,  
    And fain would see again  
Thy cherub-smile, and hear the glee  
    That, void of grief or pain,  
Gladden'd our hearth incessantly :—  
    But ah ! the wish is vain.

Yield up my rebel heart ! thy claim ;  
    Who gives may take away ;—  
The Lord our God is good—the same  
    To-day as yesterday ;  
And blessed be His glorious name  
    For ever, and for aye.

## MUSINGS.

---

WHEN o'er the page of gifted Bard  
I hang with pensive, fond regard,  
And trace in every glowing line  
Proofs of a power all but divine,  
I marvel I could e'er aspire  
To touch the Poet's hallowed lyre :  
Still more I wonder that my strain  
One favouring smile should e'er obtain.  
Unknown—unheard, I long had sung,  
Like some lone bird wild woods among,  
But to beguile my mind's sad mood,  
And charm the ear of solitude ;  
And deemed that patronage and fame  
Were things at which I might not aim.

But Taste hath smiled, and many a tongue  
Hath made kind mention of my song ;  
And oft on my delighted ear  
(Such accents all unused to hear)  
The voice of praise like music fell,  
With a sweet, soul-entrancing spell ;  
And I have felt my bosom warm  
With new delight—a magic charm  
Hath o'er my gladdened spirit cast  
A sunny radiance as it passed ;  
Hence strange, yet sweet, sensations rise,  
And fill with rapture's tears mine eyes.

A source of many joys to me  
Hath ever been sweet Poesy !  
My youth's delight—my manhood's pride,  
My friend when I had none beside ;  
And while she deigned to be my guest  
I deemed myself both rich and blest.  
She saw my morn of life o'er cast,—  
She heard adversity's wild blast

Howl round me, destitute and poor,  
And, pitying me, bestowed her lore,—  
Matchless the care-worn mind to cheer,  
And raise it to a brighter sphere.

Though humblest of the lowly band  
Who have presumed with untaught hand  
To strike the lyre, and rove among  
The enchanted fields and bowers of song,  
Guideless, and all unskilled to cull  
The flowers, that, mid the soothing lull  
Of ever-gushing springs, abound  
O'er all that consecrated ground :  
Yet have I twined, however rude,  
A wreath on which the wise and good  
Have deigned indulgently to smile,  
And bid their bounty flow the while :  
Whence round my hearth-stone hourly spring  
Comforts which fain the Muse would sing ;  
But silently she stands, subdued  
By heart-felt joy and gratitude.

“THE MOST HIGH DWELLETH NOT IN  
TEMPLES MADE WITH HANDS.”

ACTS, CHAP. 7, VER. 48.

---

THE Almighty dwelleth not alone  
In temples made with hands ;—  
His altar, stedfast as His throne,  
Throughout all nature stands ;—  
And happy is the man whose mind  
A shrine in every scene can find.

When Spring, all lovely, comes abroad,  
Creation to adorn,  
Music, that speaks a present God,  
On each mild breeze is borne,  
In every grove,—from every bird,  
Sweet echoes of those notes are heard.



When Summer's splendid, cloudless light  
    Gilds mountain, forest, lake,  
Or the wild tempest in its might  
    Makes earth's foundations shake,—  
The beauty and the terror, each  
Eternal power and goodness teach.

The ample, rich, and varied store,  
    Which Autumn's reign displays,  
Bids grateful hearts glad tributes pour  
    Of joy, and love, and praise.  
Wher'er we turn our eyes, we see  
Bounty as limitless as free.

And even when through Wintry skies,  
    And leafless groves, the wind  
With desolating fury flies,  
    Nor leaves a charm behind,  
The eye of faith will see no less  
The power that heaven and earth confess.

But good, surpassing all we see  
Of beauteous, great, or new,  
In nature's wondrous mystery,  
Is opened to our view  
In that amazing plan which Love  
For man's redemption wrought above.

Love saw that all around, below,  
Was beautiful and good,  
Save where, oppressed by sin and woe,  
Man's darkened spirit stood :—  
And pity, in the bright design,  
With mercy lent her aid divine.

And Beauty, Harmony, and Truth,  
Descending from on high ;  
And earth renewed in second youth,  
Gladden the Christian's eye.  
The terrors of the grave are o'er,  
E'en Death itself can sting no more.

## ON PLANTING A WHITE ROSE,

AND SOME LILIES OF THE VALLEY, ON THE GRAVE OF AN INFANT.

INSCRIBED TO MRS. H. BROWNE.

---

FAIR flowers! with saddened pleasure here we bid your  
blossoms blow,

Sweet emblems of the Innocence that sleeps in peace below;  
And duly, as, 'mid Autumn's gloom, we see ye fade away,  
We'll muse upon our own decline, and coming, sure  
decay:—

And pensively regard the grave as Rest's untroubled bed;  
Nor grieve like those of hope bereft, in doubt, and fear,  
and dread.

And duly, too, as Spring comes forth your beauties to  
renew,

The Resurrection's dawn shall beam on Faith's enraptured  
view:—

Unfolding scenes of bliss, where those whom here death's  
mandates sever,  
Shall meet again (oh! joy supreme) to live and love for  
ever.  
How happy they, who, 'mid life's griefs, such glorious  
hopes have won;  
Who 'neath the rod can meekly bow, and say "THY  
WILL BE DONE."

---

THE ROSE TREE ALLUDED TO IN THE FOREGOING LINES, AFTER BEARING  
SEVERAL FLOWERS, DIED, AND THAT CIRCUMSTANCE GAVE OCCASION TO  
THE FOLLOWING.

---

How brief, but oh! how beautiful, fair plant, thy life hath  
been,  
I placed thee here,— I marked thy growth—thy spotless  
flowers have seen,  
But while Hope saw the day, whose sun should bid thy  
branches spread,  
Decay's cold breath passed over thee,—and left thee  
withered—dead.

Meek emblem still of Him whose verdant grave thou  
didst adorn ;  
Both beautiful and pure—and both from life untimely  
torn.  
And thou shalt bloom no more—to earth alone thou didst  
belong ;  
But that fair Boy shall rise again—and join the glorious  
throng  
Of Saints and Angels, who around the throne of Heaven's  
high King,  
The “unexpressive nuptial song”\* shall ever, ever sing.

\* Milton, Lycidas.

Revelations, Chap. xiv, ver. 3.

## TO THE MEMORY

OF JOHN HEATH CROCKER, WHO DIED MARCH 18TH, 1835, IN HIS  
SEVENTH YEAR.

---

“FROM the evil to come,” my sweet Child ! thou art taken,  
Nor sorrow, nor suffering again shalt thou know ;  
And we shall behold thee no more till we waken  
To clasp thee again when the last trump shall blow.

Never more with delight to thy voice shall we listen,  
Whose accents breath'd ever of duty and love ;  
Ne'er for thee in our eyes tears of rapture will glisten,  
As erst, when in virtue we saw thee improve.

Though great our bereavement, we still do not sorrow  
Like those without hope : the assurance is sweet,  
That the hour is fast coming—yea, e'en as to-morrow,  
Is the dawn of that day when in bliss we shall meet.

Meanwhile thy fair image fond Memory shall cherish,  
Sole remains of a treasure once proudly possess'd ;  
And ne'er from our hearts that blest image can perish,  
So deeply hath Love every feature imprest.

We bless thee, O God ! for the faith thou hast given,  
Which ever, mid trials, sweet solace bestows ;  
We rejoice that our Child lives—an angel in Heaven !  
O give us through life on that faith to repose.



## TO MISS MONTAGU

ON THE PUBLICATION OF THE BARD OF THE SEA-KINGS.

---

SING and rejoice, sweet Minstrel, sing,  
The Muse through life's oft-clouded day  
Shall to thy heart sweet solace bring,  
And shed upon thy path a ray  
Which will illumine the darkest hour  
Beyond or Fame or Fortune's power.

But hope not from the ungifted throng  
To meet a fair—a just reward ;  
Who never felt the power of song,  
Can ill appreciate the Bard :  
Yet still there are a few who prize  
The Muse's hallow'd mysteries.

And we alike are blest in ONE\*

Who in our numbers pleas'd hath found  
Beauty's warm trace, and music's tone ;  
And with His approbation crown'd,  
My Muse her simple warbling breathes  
Content—nor dreams of brighter wreaths.

And should the morning of thy fame  
Be follow'd by a long bright day ;  
Should thousands spread abroad thy name,  
Owning the magic of thy lay ;  
Surely no praise shall greet thine ear  
More sweet than His, or more sincere.

\* Dr. Forbes.

ON SEEING A BEAUTIFUL INFANT  
IN HIS COFFIN.

INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. J. KING.

---

GRIEVE not. Is there aught to sadden  
Loving hearts in that fair face?  
Where appears all that should gladden;—  
Perfect beauty—perfect grace.

Never more shall pain or sorrow  
Dim the lustre of those eyes;—  
And from this ye well may borrow  
Comfort 'mid your tears and sighs.

Deem him passed awhile before us  
To the realms of peace and rest,  
There to swell the Angelic chorus,  
In the mansions of the Blest.

Think, too, that each hour that wingeth  
To Eternity its way,  
Nearer, and more near, still bringeth  
Endless glory—and that day

When the Grave shall yield its treasure,  
And our cherished ONES again  
We shall clasp with purer pleasure,  
Through eternal Joy's bright reign.

## TO MY WIFE,

ON THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF J. H. CROCKER'S DEATH.

---

TWELVE changeful moons have wax'd and wan'd  
Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter, reign'd  
    In all their varied charms,  
Since He, that gentle Boy, unmatch'd  
For duteous Love and Truth, was snatch'd  
    From our bereaved arms.

But, Mary! you and I have sought  
And found sweet comfort in the thought,  
    That our lamented Son  
Hath 'scap'd a year of pain and grief,  
And that our race, (at longest brief,)  
    Is so much nearer run.

But be it long or short we ne'er  
Can cease to think how blest we were  
    In that most happy child,  
Whose gentleness and guileless mirth  
Our home made almost heaven on earth,  
    Our every care beguiled.

Then, Oh repine not—though bereft  
Of One, we've other treasures left,—  
    Blest be the Source of good :—  
May He who in his judgments still  
Is merciful, our bosoms fill  
    With hopeful gratitude.

## EPITHALAMIUM,

ON THE MARRIAGE OF THE REV. T. A. HOLLAND WITH  
MISS STEWART.

---

ARISE and shine, all-cheering source  
Of light and life, nor let, O Sun!  
One cloud's dim shade obscure thy course,  
Till this day's race be run.  
For happy is the Bride, 'tis said,  
Upon whose nuptials thou dost shed  
The glory of thy rays;  
Then, hear! and o'er the glad earth fling  
Thy beams,—the while, on buoyant wing  
Upborne, my willing Muse shall sing,  
Rejoicing in the blaze.



Visions of future pleasure, born  
    Of Hope, inspire her grateful lay ;  
Nor will her early Patron scorn  
    The tribute she would pay.  
See, at the Altar, where young Love  
And Hymen meet, their power to prove,  
    A lovely train attend ;  
And while with prayer and rite divine  
Parental benedictions join,  
Once more does Erskine's noble line  
    With royal Stewart blend.

Health, crown'd with roses, Fortune fair,  
    Undoubting Faith—Affection warm,  
And Joy with cloudless brow are there,  
    With Truth, and Beauty's charm.  
That this blest band life's path may strew  
With sweets, each changeful season through,  
    To peaceful length of days,  
HOLLAND and his fair Partner blessing  
With all earth boasts that's worth possessing,  
Beyond their wishing, or expressing,  
    The lowly Minstrel prays.

## L I N E S

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF MR. CHARLES D'EYE REYNOLDS.

INSCRIBED TO HIS SISTER, MISS M. A. REYNOLDS.

*"Thy Brother shall rise again."*

St. John, chap. xi, verse xxiii.

---

'MID all the trials of this world of care:—  
Its pains—its griefs—of which all have a share,  
God, who is rich in mercy, ever sends  
Hope's soothing balm, that with our sorrow blends,  
And bears away its sting—leaving behind  
That priceless jewel—Christian peace of mind.  
And what save this, when sad bereavements press  
The mourner's heart, can mitigate distress?  
And with this solace in affliction's hour,  
The sharpest pangs lose more than half their power.

A few more times the sun will rise and set,  
Where then will be our sorrow and regret?  
All past, and gone for ever :—and that joy,  
Which Heaven alone can yield without alloy,  
Shall be their portion, who, in faithful trust,  
Consign to earth beloved Ones, “dust to dust,  
In sure and certain hope” to meet again  
Where shall be no more sorrow—no more pain.

Such faith, such hope, my gentle Friend, are thine ;  
And, feeling all their influence divine  
In this thy trial, thou wilt meekly wait  
The full fruition of that better state,  
Where those who loved on earth to cheer our way,  
Shall share our bliss through Heaven’s eternal day.

## WE SHALL MEET AGAIN.

IN MEMORY OF HENRY CROCKER, WHO DIED DECEMBER 26TH, 1840,  
IN HIS FOURTH YEAR.

---

ABOVE the flight of earthly joy,  
Beyond the reach of pain,  
Thou art safely pass'd, my Angel Boy ;  
But we shall meet again.

I bow, and say " Thy will be done ;"  
But breathe the prayer with pain ;  
Farewell awhile, Beloved One,  
We soon shall meet again.

Through Him who lived for us,—and died  
That we with Him might reign,  
Happy in Heaven, and glorified,  
We yet shall meet again.

A few more suns shall set and rise—  
A few moons wax and wane,  
Swift as the eagle sunward flies,  
And we shall meet again.

Meet where all tears are wiped away ;  
Where joys eternal reign,  
Through an unclouded, nightless day,  
Never to part again.

## CORFE CASTLE.

AN ELEGY, WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCCXVI.

---

CORFE! with a deepening sense of awe I tread  
Among the mouldering relics that remain  
Of beauty and of power, once thine, but fled  
Long since, in civil discord's direful reign!<sup>(1)</sup>

How art thou fall'n! Once, Royalty's abode,  
Thy haughty turrets reared themselves on high,  
Now, in thy moat, where erst deep waters flowed,  
Huge crumbling masses of those turrets lie.

'Tis eve!—and well the hour and scene agree  
    With my mind's pensive mood. To Fancy's eyes,  
Amid approaching night's obscurity,  
    The shadowy forms of by-gone years arise!

Shuddering I pass beneath each leaning tower,<sup>(2)</sup>  
    That hangs as if the breeze that next shall blow,  
Or its own weight, before another hour,  
    Would send it thundering to the vale below.

But blasts have blown—the heavy hand of Time  
    Hath lain long years upon them, but in vain;  
Strong in decay, and fearfully sublime,  
    Their destined greatness still these towers retain.

See! where, tenacious of its former pride,  
    Half bare, and half in ivy clad, yon wall,  
Unshaken,—self-sustained, hath long defied  
    Or Time, or Winter's storms to work its fall,



I yield to melancholy's soothing power,  
While musing on the ruin'd scene around :  
Here pomp and splendour, once, ruled every hour,  
Now silence deep and solitude profound.

Perchance avenging Heaven decreed the fall  
Of these proud towers, for many a ruthless deed  
Their walls have witnessed. Here, in hopeless thrall,  
Have Captives languished,—never to be freed.<sup>(3)</sup>

The dungeon deep, that echoed to their sighs,  
Buried in ruins, may no more be seen ;  
But to Imagination's view arise  
The nameless horrors of that mournful scene.

She sees each woe-worn wretch, in pensive mood,  
With eyes upraised, and hands clasped in despair,  
Pace to and fro, while grief and solitude  
From day to day his anguished spirit wear.

At length Oppression's iron hand no more  
To craving Nature yields the pittance due :—  
See ! she sinks famished on the dungeon floor :—  
But Fancy turns from the appalling view.

Still as I gaze Reflection's busy train  
Give none but awful pictures to my sight :  
I strive to dissipate the gloom in vain :—  
It gathers round me like the shades of night.

Ev'n now, perhaps, I stand upon the spot  
Once stained and reeking with a Monarch's gore :<sup>(4)</sup>  
My own blood curdles at the thrilling thought—  
Ambition's dear-bought triumphs soon are o'er.

Ah ! could the wretch, whom thirst of power hath led  
To deeds accurst his purpose to effect,  
Survey the sad mementos round me spread,  
Would he not pause,—and tremble—and reflect ?

Or coldly could he gaze, who but to fill

The trump of fame, foregoes sweet peace of mind ?

Or he who on deceitful riches still

Relies, and thinks a lasting good to find ?

Stand ! then, ye solemn ruins ! and relate

To all who wander in your silent shade,

The curse of Anarchy—Ambition's fate ;—

Tell, too, how soon the charms of glory fade.

Say grandeur, pride, and greatness, all are vain

As the frail fabrics Fancy's hands have rear'd ;

That Virtue's votaries only shall attain

To bliss in life, and Memory long revered.

## NOTES.

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### NOTE 1.

*In Civil discord's direful reign.*

In 1646 Corfe Castle was completely demolished, after being taken by the Parliament Forces, through the treachery of Lieutenant Colonel Pitman, an Officer of the Garrison, and this ancient and magnificent fabric was reduced to a heap of ruins, and remains a lasting monument of the dreadful effects of Anarchy and the rage of civil war. The ruins are large, and allowed to be the noblest and grandest in the kingdom, considering the extent of ground on which they stand.

### NOTE 2.

*Each leaning tower.*

The vast fragments of the King's Tower, the round towers hanging as if ready to fall, the broken walls, the vast pieces of them tumbled down into the vale below, form such a scene of havoc and devastation as strikes every curious spectator with horror and concern.

## NOTE 3.

*Have Captives languished,—*

In the dungeons of Corfe Castle twenty-two prisoners were cruelly starved to death by order of King John.

## NOTE 4.

*Reeking with a Monarch's gore.*

Edward, King of the West Saxons, was hunting one day, and having lost his attendants, resolved to visit Corfe Castle, where his mother-in-law Elfrida resided. When he drew near, Elfrida, who had notice of his approach, and thinking it a good opportunity to execute her horrid purpose, went out to meet him in the most courteous manner, and invited him to alight, which he declined; but wished to see his brother. She then called for wine, which he had scarce put to his lips, when one of her attendants, or (as some affirm) Elfrida, herself, gave him the kiss of peace, and at the same time stabbed him in the back. He, finding himself wounded rode off, but soon fell through loss of blood, and his foot hanging in the stirrup, he was dragged to a considerable distance, and was found dead, and terribly mangled by the flints over which he had been dragged.

## RETROSPECTION.

INSCRIBED TO MR. JOHN GIBBONS.

---

My dear Friend ! as on life's highest summit I stand,  
And with glance retrospective the past scenes command ;  
That calm joy born of gratitude beams from mine eye  
As their lights and their shades in succession pass by.

I've been young, and am old, yet I ever have known  
That the humble, and hopeful, and trustful alone  
Hold their course, undistracted by doubts or by fears,  
In the sunshine of peace through this valley of tears.

How dark scowled the brow of Adversity drear,  
When, all friendless and lone, I began life's career ;  
And sad had my course been, but ever and aye  
Smiling Hope cheered the darkness—nor smiled to betray.

'Twas my Pole-star—and to it, as years glided by,  
Taught by heavenly Truth, I still lifted mine eye ;  
And brighter, and brighter, to Manhood's mid-day  
With its influence benign it illumined my way.

How lovely around me, 'mid Poverty's shade,  
Were the visions of wonder and beauty displayed,  
As onward I wended through Childhood and Youth,  
Cheered by Hope, and conducted by Fancy and Truth.

Even then on my ear fell the magical strain  
Of sweet Poesy's harp—and again, and again  
I listened entranced, and the trembling desire  
Soon arose to awaken the notes of that lyre.



Thus was opened a source of enjoyments, refined,  
Sweet, and pure,—which increased as expanded my mind ;  
And Oh ! with what rapturous pleasure I scanned  
Each rich page of the Bards of my dear native land.

Then Hope whispered, “ Sing,—and thy strain shall be  
heard,”

And I poured forth my song, like the wild woodland  
bird :—

And the good, and the gifted gave ear to my lays,—  
While my spirit within me rejoiced in their praise.

And earth seemed all beautiful—good all mankind ;  
For to render me happy all hearts were combined :—  
And what visions of fortune and fame, bright and new,  
With their glittering blandishments rose on my view.

But still mindful that Wisdom and Goodness had willed,  
That my course should in life’s humbler path be fulfilled,  
Amid trials and toil, while contented I’ve striven,  
Gentle Hope promised peace ; and that boon has been given.

Then she whispered of Love, and my lowly abode  
In the light of Domestic Felicity glowed ;  
And around my spare board, like the olive tree fair,  
Lovely branches soon spread—my delight and my care.

And though Heaven in its wisdom once, twice, thrice,  
removed  
Those we cherished so fondly—so tenderly loved ;  
Yet, 'mid every grief was heard Hope's soothing strain ;  
“ Though ye part for awhile,—ye shall all meet again.”

Life's meridian is past—and the long vista, through  
Sixty summers and winters, appears to my view :—  
And Time o'er each scene, with a power all his own,  
A softening and heart-cheering influence has thrown.

While the trials and griefs, that oft sprung in my way,  
Have now yielded their thorns, once so keen, to his sway ;  
On the brow of past pleasure the wreath blooms as fair  
As when Youth, Hope, and Love placed it joyfully there.

And now as Life's journey draws on to its close,  
Still with humble, yet confident trust I repose ;  
For Hope still is mine, born of Faith and of Truth—  
My sweet solace in age,—as my pole-star in youth.

And thus, my young Friend ! having sketched my career,  
My song shall have end, with a prayer most sincere ;  
May thy fate, flowering fair now, and sunlit, possess  
More of joy than I've sung of—of sorrow far less.

May Poesy strew fairest flowers in thy way ;  
May Health, Worth, and Fortune their best gifts display ;  
May Peace ever watch o'er thy slumbers by night,  
And Love, smiling Love, crown thy days with delight.

So unmixed may thy cup with enjoyment o'erflow :—  
But I dream—Heaven awards no such portion below :  
Yet if Virtue and Truth all thy footsteps attend,  
Still thy course may be happy—and peaceful its end.

SONNETS.



## TO THE BRITISH OAK.

---

WHEN, sacred plant, the Druid sage of old,  
With reverential awe, beheld in thee  
The abode or emblem of Divinity ;  
Methinks some vague prophetic vision roll'd  
Before his wondering eyes, and dimly told  
Thy future fame—thy glorious destiny :  
Haply e'en then, deep musing, he might see,  
Within thy trunk rever'd, that Spirit bold,  
Which sprung from thence in after times, and stood,  
Rejoicing in his might, on Ocean's flood,  
The guardian genius of Britannia's Isle ;  
At whose dread voice admiring nations bow,  
In duteous homage,—tyrants are laid low—  
And fierce Oppression's victims learn to smile.

## TO POESY.

---

HAIL! POESY, whose sweet, bewitching smile,  
Through varied life, hath ever had the power  
My heart of pain and sorrow to beguile,  
And give a heighten'd glow to joys bright hour!  
Though Fortune's frown forbid me to explore  
The path that leads to Science' sacred hill;  
Though Art and Elegance withhold their store:  
And Penury's cold glance my spirit chill;—  
Yet, thou art dear to me; and I will still,  
When Nature claims from Care her wonted rest,  
Seek thee, where'er thou stray'st,—by murmuring rill,  
Or through the vale in freshest verdure drest;  
But most I love thee, when, with ardent zeal,  
Thou bow'st obsequious to Truth's behest.



## SACRED MUSIC.

OCCASIONED BY HEARING THE CHORAL SERVICE IN  
CHICHESTER CATHEDRAL.

---

IF there be aught on earth that can unsphere  
The raptur'd spirit from its clayey cell,  
Raise it from pain and sorrow, doubt and fear,  
Above mortality awhile to dwell,  
And taste angelic joys,—that powerful spell  
In sacred music breathes. How grand, e'en now,  
Along these aisles the Anthem's full tones swell,  
Loud as the tempest's voice—now sinking low,  
Like summer evening breezes, soft and faint ;  
Such strains as solace the expiring saint,  
Or lull the storm in reckless Passion's breast.  
How oft within these hallow'd walls my mind  
Hath Truth's high power, and Music's charms confest,  
And 'mid life's cares rejoic'd such bliss to find.

## THE GLOW WORM.

---

AGAIN o'er Nature's face the hand of night  
Slowly extends her veil of deepening gloom ;  
The starry hosts their station high resume,  
And to deep thought man's wandering mind invite ;  
Whilst here and there, with emulative light,  
Like that which dimly gilds some hallow'd tomb,  
The Glow-worm's rays our lonely path illumine.  
Though not so lovely, yet, unnoticed quite,  
The reptile crawls amid the blaze of day.  
So Virtue, oft-times, in the sunny hour  
Of gay prosperity scarce sheds a ray ;  
But when the dark clouds of affliction lour,  
The latent sparks enkindle, and display  
At once her matchless loveliness and power.

## ON MY DAUGHTER'S BIRTHDAY.

MDCCCXXIV.

---

How sweet it is, O Time ! to mark thy course,  
When each advancing step unveils to sight  
Some new-born grace, some spreading charm, whose force  
Fills the warm heart with genuine delight !  
'Tis thus in Spring, when all is new and bright,  
And brighter still is each succeeding day :  
And thus the morn of life, whose gradual light  
Spreads, and awakens beauties fresh and gay.  
FANNY, my gentle child, while I survey  
Thy face, and prove a parent's joy and care,  
I feel that I shall never cease to pray  
That thou may'st be as good as thou art fair.  
Through all the changes of life's varied way,  
" God bless my child," shall ever be my prayer.

COMPOSED AFTER READING THE LIFE OF

## BERNARD GILPIN.

---

AH! lives there one whose bosom does not glow  
With emulative ardour, and with love,  
While tracing through this wilderness of woe  
Thy shining progress to the realms above,  
Devoted servant of the King of Kings—  
Devoted friend of man?—How mean the praise  
That in the ear of mad Ambition rings,  
Compared with that, which thy mild virtues raise.  
Long as the Pole-star in the vault of night  
Shall guide the wanderers of the stormy main;  
So long may thy example yield its light  
To heaven-bound pilgrims on life's rugged plain.  
O Thou who hear'st the humblest suppliant's prayer,  
Give me its guiding influence to share!

## TO FAME.

ON HEARING A FRIEND EXPRESS A WISH THAT MY POEMS WERE  
MORE KNOWN.

---

AWAY! delusive sorceress, away!  
Nor break the stillness of obscurity!  
Thy warmest smile but poorly can repay  
The pains thy votaries feel in seeking thee.  
For when acquir'd what art thou? fair to-day  
Vain man beholds thy glories round him cast;  
Before to-morrow dawns, the visions gay  
Are swept by disappointment's bitter blast.  
Haste, then, and, ere they fade, thy wreaths bestow  
On those who pant such favours to receive;  
Be mine the calm delights of Peace to know—  
The stingless joys that with Religion live:—  
From these, in sweet succession, ever flow  
A thousand pleasures which thou canst not give.

## SPRING.



How oft the pensive sons of Song deplore,  
While renovated Nature to their eyes  
Her vernal charms displays—a countless store,  
That rigid Fate to man alone denies,  
That he from wintry age again should rise  
To second youth and bloom ! But O ! how vain  
This fond regret ! The virtuous and the wise  
Assuredly that guerdon shall attain ;  
For does not Truth, unerring Truth, declare  
That, having passed Death's shadowy valley through,  
Eternal spring shall burst upon their view—  
Regions of bliss, than Eden far more fair ;  
Where they shall feel no more decay or pain,  
Where beauty, youth, and joy immortal reign ?

## LABOUR AND THE MUSE.



How sweetly pass the solitary hours,  
When prison'd here with Toil I sit and muse,  
My fancy roving 'mong poetic flowers,  
Delighted with their beauteous forms and hues !  
Supremely blest if I some simple lay  
May frame, the silent moments to beguile ;  
For POESY can charm the lonely day,  
And teach e'en Labour's rugged face to smile.  
Sure 'tis a blameless occupation, this :—  
Would any censure ?—would not some applaud ?  
But let me still enjoy my quiet bliss,  
By smiles uncheer'd, by chilling frowns unaw'd :  
Enough for me the sterling joys that spring  
In hearts that glow with rapture while they sing.



## THE HARP OF MEMNON.



THE Harp of Memnon, which 'mid shades of night,  
Was silent, or was only heard to moan,  
'Tis said, would greet the rising source of light,  
When first its bright beams on the statue shone,  
With strains of mystic melody, whose tone  
Steep'd all who heard in blissful ravishment.  
E'en so the human mind, when dark and lone,  
On Doubt or Error's dreary courses bent,  
Mournfully sighs amid the waste profound ;  
But should the Sun of Truth its path illumine,  
At once is chas'd away that cheerless gloom,  
And new-born vernal freshness breathes around ;—  
All paradise is open'd to its view,  
And heavenly harmony and joy ensue.

## WINTER.



AGAIN unfurl'd, midst clouds and darkness, see !

The tyrant Winter's misty banners wave ;  
Meek Nature casts aside her wonted glee,  
And, like a widow o'er the hallow'd grave  
Of him she lov'd, reclines her modest head,  
Obsequious to the spoiler's dread command.  
He frowns ! and lo ! the lately-verdant land  
Is desolate,—each trace of beauty fled.

But though his reign be dark and stormy, yet,  
'Tis but the prelude to the joys of Spring.

Such human life, by various ills beset,  
Appears to him, who soars on Faith's strong wing  
Above earth's cares, its pleasures, and its gloom,  
To gaze on brighter scenes beyond the tomb.

## THE CURFEW.



How deeply solemn on the wanderer's ear  
In darkness strikes the Curfew's sullen sound !  
To his mind's eye what shadowy forms appear,  
By Fancy pictur'd on Night's gloom profound !  
Days, deeds, and men, which Time in his career,  
Hath long consign'd to dim oblivion's shade,  
In vivid images again appear,  
As by some mighty wizard's hand pourtray'd :  
The illumin'd festive hall, where high-born dames,  
And Norman warriors list the minstrel's song  
That Beauty's charms and Valour's praise proclaims—  
The cheerful cottage fire, the peasant throng :  
But hark ! o'er forest, hamlet, tower, and stream,  
The Curfew's sound bids quench each social beam.

## THE SABBATH MORN.



WHILE silence most profound, and loneliness,  
In awful union rule the darken'd earth,  
And a new Sabbath hastens to its birth,  
And drowsy slumbers half the world oppress ;  
Sweet thoughts of rest and peace my mind possess :  
I think how trifling, vain, and little worth  
Are this world's goods, when undisguis'd stand forth  
Religion—Virtue—in their loveliness.  
I think, too, on that Sabbath, whose fair light  
Shall ne'er be shrouded in the shades of night,  
But brighter glow, while countless ages roll  
Their glorious round ; and the unclouded Sun  
Of righteousness his mighty course shall run ;  
And Pain, and Death resign their wide controul.

WRITTEN AFTER READING A VOLUME OF

BERNARD BARTON'S POEMS.

---

WHO can describe the more than magic charm  
With which the pious Poet's glowing song  
In willing thralldom holds, and bears along  
The heart with sympathetic feeling warm ?  
Its influence on the rapt Enthusiast's mind  
Disarms adversity of half its power—  
Life's thorny path bedecks with many a flower,  
And opes the source of joys the most refined.  
Thus heaven-taught Bards with power triumphant reign,  
In guiltless glory blest,—and thus attain  
The bright reward of high and holy fame.  
So Milton, Cowper, and a gifted few,  
Inspir'd by Truth, seraphic raptures knew ;  
And, Barton, we may add to these thy name !

## THE GRAVE.



IF earth contains one spot we hold more dear  
Than aught its brighter prospects e'er disclose,  
That sacred spot is the green hillock, where  
Departed Merit finds his long repose.  
There, while fond Memory, with reverted eye,  
Glances o'er days and pleasures pass'd away,  
Prompting the ever-ready tear and sigh,  
We yield at once to sorrow's painful sway.  
But not unmix'd with pleasure is that pain;  
The thought, that they who die in hope are blest—  
The sweet assurance that we yet again  
Shall meet in realms of everlasting rest,  
Shall sorrow's drooping children still sustain,  
And whisper comfort to the afflicted breast.

## MY NATIVE LAND.

OCCASIONED BY A LECTURE DELIVERED BEFORE THE CHICHESTER  
MECHANICS' INSTITUTION.

---

WITH what delight, my much-loved native land !  
The Patriot's blest assurance met mine ear,  
That thy far-spreading glories should withstand  
The shocks of ages, and yet bright appear !  
For oft, while musing on the mournful fate  
Of empires once renown'd for mighty sway,  
Fearful in power—magnificently great,—  
But which, at length, became Oblivion's prey ;  
I've thought that evils, such as theirs, ere long,  
Perchance might be thy doom, high-favour'd Isle !  
But hence, desponding fears ! Hope, waxing strong,  
Now with unshaken confidence can smile.  
Such greatness as this happy land may boast  
No ancient empire e'er possess'd—or lost !



## TO AN AFFLICTED FRIEND.

---

BELIEVE me, trials in this troublous state  
Are sent to save us from severer ill ;  
Else would not Love Divine so often fill  
With gall and bitterness the cup of fate,  
And give the draught to those who meekly wait  
With calm submission on His gracious will.  
Thus it hath been, and thus it will be, till  
Their pains are recompens'd by that vast weight  
Of glory, which His word, that cannot fail,  
Hath promis'd to the faithful, patient band,  
Who 'mid the storms of life unshaken stand.  
Then shrink not from the pains which now prevail ;  
This heaviness shall but endure through night,  
And joy return again with morning light.

## TO THE INFIDEL.



WHILE through thy veins the life-tide bounds along  
Its healthful course, and Fortune's sunbeams play  
Around thy path, with reckless mirth and song  
Defying Truth, thou mayst pursue thy way ;  
While the world deems thee gayest of the gay.  
But in that hour when dark Affliction's train  
Environs thee in terrible array,  
And thou art rack'd with agonizing pain,  
Or stripp'd by Death of all thy soul holds dear,  
Then will thy boasted confidence prove vain ;  
Then wilt thou think with trembling and with fear,  
On what may come hereafter,—and to gain  
The humblest Christian's hope, thou would'st resign  
The power and wealth of empires—were they thine.

## THE FATE OF GENIUS.

WRITTEN AFTER READING THE REMAINS OF H. K. WHITE.

---

OFF hath the fate of Genius drawn the sigh  
From feeling hearts, and bid the hallow'd tear  
Of sympathy to tremble in the eye  
Which saw that flower of Paradise appear,  
Springing beneath our cold and cloudy sky,  
Blooming awhile, then withering as the blast—  
The wintry blast of Poverty swept by,  
Or chill Misfortune's fingers o'er it pass'd.  
The lovely plant in ruin strews the plain—  
Its beauties fled, but not extinct; they rise,  
Foster'd by warmer suns and brighter skies,  
In climes where Spring eternal holds his reign.  
There, on the banks of joy's o'erflowing river,  
In full perfection it shall bloom for ever.

## TO MISS MONTAGU,

AUTHORESS OF EDITH OF GRAYSTOCK, THE BARD OF THE  
SEA-KINGS, &C.

---

LADY ! proceed—and Fame attend thy way :—

A bright path lies before thee, and invites

Thy steps through all that region of delights,

The enchanted fields and bowers of song, to stray—

Where, while thy gentle Muse shall pour her lay

Or plume her wings for more exalted flights,

May the soul-thrilling rapture which requites

The gifted Minstrel's toil, thy bosom sway.

And Oh ! may Heaven vouchsafe with that to blend

Its hallow'd influence !—so thy course shall be,

(Pass it in glory, or obscurity,)

Bright in its progress, happy in its end.

Of Poesy and conscious Peace possess'd,

Or smile or frown the world, thou must be blest.

## TO MY WIFE.

ON HER BIRTHDAY, JULY XXVI MDCCCXXXI.

---

MARY! in by-gone years, when all unknown,  
I sang—life's cares and sorrows to beguile,  
Unheard by human ear save thine alone,—  
And unrewarded save by thy kind smile,  
This day was wont to claim, nor claim in vain,  
The tribute of a song—and shall it now?  
Oh no! though other ears now list my strain;  
Though other tongues the meed of praise bestow,  
Still is thy approbation dear to me;  
For thou hast made most blest my humble lot:—  
And while I've fancy,—feeling—sanity—  
Thy natal day can never be forgot.  
Oh! may it many times return!—and I  
Will hail its dawn with some rude melody.

## TO MISS WELLER,

ON HER DEPARTURE TO ITALY.

---

WHEN o'er thee, Lady ! smiles Italia's sky,  
And olive-groves and vineyards bless thy view ;  
When Art unfolds her treasures to thine eye,  
Till rapture's gushing tear its lid bedew ;  
Deem'st thou, that Painting, rich in many a charm  
Which Nature's beauteous self but rarely knows,  
That those fair scenes,—that sky, aye bright and warm,  
And all the grace which Sculpture's forms disclose,  
With their sweet influence, e'er can wean thy mind  
From home, and the dear friends thou leav'st behind,  
Or save from sad regret thought's lonely hour ?  
Ah ! no !—each sigh that from thy full heart springs  
Will prompt the wish—" Oh ! for the fleet dove's wings !  
That I might seek again my native bower."

## TO THE SKYLARK.

---

I KNOW not, happy Minstrel! sight or sound  
That more delights me than, when void of care,  
While spring's fresh greens and blossoms spread around,  
I trace thy flight, and hear thy song in air,  
High, high above me. O! for wings like thine,  
To mount aloft, and sing still nearer heaven!  
To feel that ecstasy, whose force divine  
To thee, as to the heaven-taught bard seems given.  
But e'en to me an hour like this is sweet,  
Yea sweet as that when angels from on high  
The Saint amid his holy musings meet,  
And whisper of his home beyond the sky.  
Give me, O Life! whate'er thou hast in store,  
A few such hours—I ask nor hope for more.



## TO MR. GILBERT,

ON VISITING THE EXHIBITION OF HIS PICTURES.

---

BLEST be the art which thus vouchsafes to me,  
By rigid fortune to one spot confin'd,  
The power, far distant, beauteous scenes to see,  
By skilful hand, to nature true, design'd.  
Here all that can delight the Poet's eye,  
Stream, wood, lake, mountain, valley, are display'd,  
The clear, the cloud-deck'd, the tempestuous sky,  
In the rich harmony of light and shade.  
Though no adept—and all unskill'd to trace  
The niceties of art with curious eye,  
And point, enraptur'd, to each nameless grace,  
Yet, none that gaze can be more charm'd than I.  
Gilbert! Cicestria owns thy pencil's claim!  
And proudly with her Smiths' enrols thy name.

## GUARDIAN ANGELS.

*Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for  
them who shall be heirs of salvation ?*

Hebrews, chap. 1. v. 14.

---

THERE is no solitude to those who love  
 To tread the paths of peace and pleasantness,—  
 Whom Wisdom's counsels ever guide and bless ;—  
 Angels unseen, commissioned from above,  
 Hover around their steps, where'er they rove,  
 By day, by night, amid the city's press,  
 In the remote and barren wilderness,  
 By murmuring brook, or in the quiet grove ;  
 Such blest companionship is theirs throughout  
 Life's changeful scene :—and in the Saint's last hour,  
 To calm his struggling soul, and banish doubt,  
 'Tis said kind heaven hath oft vouchsafed the power  
 To see the forms, and hear the harpings high  
 Of those who wait to bear him to the sky.

## TO THE MEMORY OF JOHN MACKIE, M.D.

*Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh  
in his season.*

Job, chap. 5. v. 26.

---

WHILE Talent—Virtue—Piety, may claim,  
 When pass'd from earth to heaven, their native sphere,  
 From kindred minds the grateful meed of fame,  
 Thy name to fond Remembrance must be dear,  
 Lamented Mackie ! Clos'd is thy career  
 Of zeal unwearied, and successful skill,  
 Which wont Affliction's dark abodes to cheer  
 With beams of health, turning to flight each ill  
 That flesh endures. But well thy generous mind  
 Was recompens'd ; for through the lengthen'd way,  
 Honour, Respect, and Filial Love combin'd  
 To cheer thy course ; and, blest with sweet repose,  
 Thy life's decline, like that of summer's day,  
 Was cloudless, bright, and peaceful to its close.

ON THE OCCASION OF A BEAUTIFUL SPECIMEN OF THE

## MAGNOLIA

BEING PRESENTED BY DR. FORBES TO MY WIFE.

---

I prize thee, noble Flower ! and not alone  
That with unwonted fragrance thou dost fill  
My happy home—but as the gift of One  
Whose friendship I most cherish—who has still,  
With interest kind that ne'er hath changed nor ceased,  
Through ten long years of changes, good and ill,  
Solaced my griefs, and all my joys increased,  
Till Penury lost its sadness, and its chill.  
Ner art thou, Flower ! less dear that thou wert given  
To Her whose virtue and whose sterling worth  
I prize above all blessings under Heaven—  
My gentle Fellow-pilgrim upon earth.  
Thus blest in friendship and in love, scarce more  
Could Hope herself contribute to my store.

## WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM.



Ah! little thought I, when, in life's glad spring,

I pour'd my happy feelings into song,

That to such strains as I was wont to sing

Taste e'er would listen—that her gifted throng

To my rude minstrelsy the meed of praise

Would e'er award ;—and hence, like magic spell,

On my charm'd ear their soothing accents fell ;

Inspiring the fond hope of better days.

And now my grateful Muse to honours high

Aspires—and fain the Album's page would grace :—

Her proudest wish, that gentle Beauty's eye,

Well pleas'd, might there her humble offering trace ;

For earth can boast no charm to sweeten toil,

Or cheer the heart, like lovely Woman's smile.

## TO FORTUNE.



AND dost thou smile, thou fickle one, at last?

I marvel much to see thee so inclined ;--

Full long I weather'd Penury's chill blast,

Nor shrunk before its fury, nor repined ;

And why? the store I prize is peace of mind

And intellectual wealth, and well I know

That all thy vaunted blandishments combin'd,

So rich, so pure a bliss can ne'er bestow.

Then smile, or frown, as best beseemeth thee—

Thy smile I court not, nor thy frown will fear ;

Assur'd that He who rules my destiny,

Will not forsake me, while my course I steer

Where Duty leads,—but, with a Father's care,

Whate'er my need requires, will still prepare.

## THE DEPARTING YEAR.



As when we bid a long farewell to one  
Whom love or friendship's ties have render'd dear,  
Sorrow awakens, and her ready tear  
Is duly shed to give a milder tone  
To mental agony, while all alone  
The heart feels desolate : so when the Year  
Approaches to the goal of his career,  
And hastes to join the long, long ages gone  
Into eternity—oblivion's prey ;  
All who beheld him, blooming, young, and gay,  
His short-liv'd bloom, and swift decay deplore :  
While Memory, brooding over many a day  
And many a scene of pleasure, seems to say,  
“ Can future years such blessedness restore ? ”



## NEW YEAR'S DAY.



Is there a mind that gratitude's mild ray  
    Illumes not, as, with retrospective eye,  
    It traces in the year so late gone by  
Mercy's bright footsteps through the varying way?  
Or as it hails the opening of the day  
    That shews another year in infancy?  
    Though he be wrapt in robes of gloomy dye;  
Though clouds await his birth in dark array;  
    And winter rule the desolated land—  
    Yet fond Anticipation's eager hand,  
Drawing aside futurity's dark veil,  
    Displays a lively, joy-inspiring train—  
His future Seasons, gay, bright, rich, and pale,  
    The ever-changing glories of his reign.

## THREE SONNETS,

COMMEMORATIVE OF A DAY SPENT AT THE RECTORY, POYNINGS, IN THE  
SUMMER OF THE YEAR MDCCCXXXVI.

## ON APPROACHING THE DYKE.

---

WIDE spread the downs around, and solitude  
And silence o'er the hills and vallies reign ;  
Labour and care forgot, I seem imbued  
With the same spirit that inspires the strain  
Of the sweet lark above me—and I fain  
Like him would sing : joyous alike and free,  
He floats aloft, I wander o'er the plain ;  
Both revelling in the bliss of liberty.  
Oh ! life hath few enjoyments can compare  
With that I feel, now, wandering all alone,  
Beneath a cloudless sky ; while fresh and fair,  
Morn o'er the earth her mantle bright has thrown,  
And smiling walks abroad, and with glad voice,  
'Mid Nature's glories bids the heart rejoice.

## THE RECTORY.

WRITTEN THREE DAYS PREVIOUS TO THE NUPTIALS OF———  

---

A pensive Joy, sweet Poynings ! reigns among  
Thy hill-encircled lawns, and rosy bowers,  
Where Love is lingering fondly, and ere long  
Will bear away one of thy sweetest flowers.  
Oh ! may that flower, where'er transplanted, find  
A clime and soil congenial, where the blight  
Of cold indifference, or the wintry wind  
Breath'd by neglect, may never quench the light  
Now kindling brightly. At the altar soon  
To grace the rites a happy train will meet,  
When thrilling joy shall every heart attune ;  
The hills shall catch the sound, the vales repeat  
The tidings glad ; " His triumph Love has won ;  
Beauty and Virtue, Youth and Worth are one."

## THE GARDEN.

EVENING.  

---

As the green Oasis in deserts vast  
To weary pilgrims 'mid their toilsome way,  
Wert thou to me, fair Poynings! I have pass'd  
Among thy quiet shades one happy day:  
And I would wreathe into my homely lay  
A simple record of the feelings high  
Awakened there. But vainly I essay  
To celebrate in fitting minstrelsy  
The words of welcome, the kind looks that met  
The minstrel at that hospitable board:  
But gratitude that day can ne'er forget;  
And memory oft amid her cherish'd hoard,  
In future years with fresh delight shall trace  
Each word of cheer, each lovely, smiling face.

## THE SHELL HOUSE,

GOODWOOD.  

---

DID some enchanter wave his potent wand,  
This beauteous grot to rear by magic spell?  
Or hath some wonder-working fairy band  
The fabric raised, where fitly they might dwell?  
Alas! the silent foot-prints of decay,  
Too visible in all around, proclaim  
The work of human hands long pass'd away,  
But by this fair creation known to fame.  
Here day by day the Noble Fair Ones\* plied,  
And saw their work to full perfection grow  
With gladden'd eyes—and haply never sighed  
To think that Time so soon might overthrow  
Their well-wrought task—but Wisdom truly cries;  
“They build too low who build beneath the skies.”

\* This beautiful Grotto was the work of the second Duchess of Richmond and her two daughters.

## AFFLICTION.

---

Blow, wintry wind ! thy melancholy sound  
    Accordeth well with my distressful mind ;  
In Sorrow's deep o'erwhelming billows drown'd,  
    Where shall my harass'd soul a refuge find ?  
Where, but in Him with whom is ever found  
    All that the wretched need ; if but resigned  
Their will to His, their comfort shall abound ;  
    Though "naked, miserable, poor, and blind."  
On Faith's sure wing upborne the soul may see,  
    Above the mists that hang o'er Time's dim shore,  
Mansions of rest and immortality  
    Where pain and wretchedness shall be no more.  
Then, trials ! come—come sorrow—all is well ;—  
Desponding fears no more my bosom swell.

## INSCRIBED TO A YOUNG LADY

WHO SAILED FROM SPITHEAD FOR INDIA, ON BOARD THE TRIUMPH,  
FEBRUARY X, MDCCCXXXIV.

---

SPEED on thy course, thou gallant ship! and bear  
Triumphantly through ocean's vast domain  
Thy precious charge, my gentle Friend and fair,  
Unharm'd by peril—free from grief and pain,  
To India's shore. There may such bliss await  
Her welcome as our race but rarely prove;—  
Bliss which alone can fully compensate  
Home, country, friends, and e'en maternal love;  
Yea all she now foregoes. Oh! may she find  
One in that land, of sterling worth possess—  
A heart devoted—a congenial mind;  
In blessing whom she may be truly blest.  
Then shall the thought that she is happy, cheer,  
And render happy all she parts from here.



## THE SABBATH.

---

Lo ! smiling, like an angel from the sky,  
The Sabbath morning comes to bless mankind :  
Before her face earth's meaner pleasures fly,  
And grovelling cares. The emancipated mind  
Now feels its freedom, casts the world behind,  
And with glad welcome hails the happy train  
That wait upon her steps. There Rest, reclin'd  
On Peace, advancing, cheers the toil-worn swain ;  
Devotion moves with meek and solemn mien,  
By Contemplation rapt in holy trance ;  
Hope, led by Truth, regardless of the vain  
And transient joys of life, with forward glance,  
Beholds, while Faith directs her raptured eye,  
The unbroken Sabbath of Eternity.

## OCTOBER.

---

AUTUMNAL shades are gathering round me fast ;  
And vegetation through his wide spread reign,  
Of vale and mountain, forest, heath and plain,  
Drooping, resigns his honours to the blast.  
But though the face of nature be o'ercast,  
Though wild winds blow, and oft descends the rain,  
Yet could not Spring, with all his flowery train,  
Nor Summer, ere the glowing hours were past,  
Inspire in my sad mind a kindlier mood  
Than doth this dreary, wasteful solitude.  
I love to listen to the wintry wind ;  
Its organ-tones have music for mine ear ;  
And e'en this gloom can charm the enthusiast's mind  
Whom nature pleases ever,—gay or drear.

## NOVEMBER.

NOVEMBER reigns in sullen majesty,  
And issues forth his mandate to the storm,  
The groves with ruthless fury to deform,  
Where late, in unrestrain'd festivity,  
The smiling seasons danc'd with jocund glee,  
And beauty met the eye in each gay view,  
For ever varying, yet still bright and new.  
Now all is chang'd : yet this diversity  
Shall yield delight to the Enthusiast's mind,  
In Nature's converse not unus'd to find  
Charms ever new. He, through the deepest shade  
The tempest spreads, sees, glimmering from afar,  
A ray of light from Hope's auspicious star,  
A ray that gilds e'en Winter's hoary head.

## THE PRESENT.



No more recall, fond Memory ! O recall  
No more the pains or pleasures of the past ;  
And let, delusive Hope ! thy picture fall  
Ere it be rent by Disappointment's blast.  
The present moment, be it overcast  
With louring clouds, or be it e'er so fair,  
As none can say it will not be the last,  
May justly claim some portion of our care.  
To grieve for joys that can return no more ;  
To shrink from ills which we may never know ;  
Can but diminish the too-scanty store  
Of earthly bliss, and poison as they flow,  
The fleeting moments : surely 'tis more wise  
To improve, and to enjoy them as they rise.

## THANKSGIVING.

WRITTEN ON SUNDAY, JUNE THE TWENTY-FIRST, MDCCCXL.



FOR thee, our QUEEN ! while countless voices raise  
Their gratulative strains, throughout the land  
Millions of hearts with thankfulness and praise  
Are beating high, rejoiced, that, when the hand  
Of danger o'er thee hung, by Heaven's command,  
The Seraph Mercy winged to earth her flight,  
To shield thy sacred head,—and to withstand  
The power of evil. May that arm of might  
Thus ever shield thee—ever thus, unseen,  
May guardian angels, or in sunny hour,  
When youth, and health, and pleasure glad thy reign,  
Or when the clouds of pain and danger lour,  
Ward off each ill—supply all happiness ;  
And thus in blessing thee, thy people bless.

## TRIBUTE

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE C. DIXON, ESQUIRE, OF STANSTED.

---

IF sterling worth, and pure benevolence,  
Inspired by Love and Truth, may justly claim  
A station, on that holy eminence,  
Where stands the Temple bright of Christian fame ;  
There, 'mid the goodly fellowship of those,  
Who lived, but to improve and bless their race ;  
Safe in the full fruition of repose,  
Thou, DIXON ! hast a sure abiding place.  
Throughout thy lengthened course the smile of Heaven,—  
The prayers and tears of grateful man were given,  
Around thy path a shining light to throw ;  
Whereby the Rich and Great may trace their way  
To happiness, and everlasting day ;—  
And feel their hearts with kindred virtues glow.

## TO DR. TYACKE AND HIS BRIDE,

## ON THEIR NUPTIALS.

---

IF fervent hopes, and prayers sincere avail,  
Breathed by the Poet in his happiest mood,  
To bring down blessings that shall never fail  
On those who justly claim his gratitude,  
I shall not sing in vain this sonnet rude :—  
All the bright train of home-born happiness,  
And health, and honour, and each visioned good,  
Cherished by friendly hearts, shall surely bless  
Your NUPTIALS—and in sunny brightness hover,  
On this glad morn above the ALTAR, where  
Your mutual troth is plighted, gentle Pair !  
May all this bliss, when long, long years are over,  
In honoured age dwell with you still, and give  
This day in Memory's cherished hoard to live.



## TO MR. E. RICHARDSON,

ON HIS RESTORATION OF THE TOMB OF THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF  
ARUNDEL IN CHICHESTER CATHEDRAL.

---

THANKS, Richardson ! whose renovating hand,  
Guided by talent, skill, and taste refined,  
Hath given to the eye of cultured mind  
This relic of a by-gone age to stand  
In all its pristine beauty ;—and command  
Our reverence for the piety, combined  
With art, whereby the gifted of our kind  
Have gloriously adorned this happy land.  
And faithful hearts rejoice to see the day,  
When strong in truth, and warmed with holy zeal,  
The CHURCH puts on magnificent array,  
And bids her sons a kindred spirit feel.  
Her sons obey her voice—and far and near,  
Memorials of their careful toil appear.

## TO A YOUNG FRIEND,

FROM WHOM THE AUTHOR HAD RECEIVED A LETTER, SEALED WITH THE  
IMPRESSION OF AN ANCHOR.

---

“HOPE on, hope ever ;”—holding still in view  
The goal, replete with all your heart’s desire ;—  
Let the bright future scenes, which now inspire  
Your night and day dreams, urge you to pursue  
The course so well begun. The guerdon, due  
To him who earnestly and truthfully,  
In humble trust, whate’er his lot may be,  
Still treads where duty leads—shall not fail you.  
I have been young, and now am old—and know  
That age no sweeter solace can bestow  
Than the fair retrospect of youth well spent.  
Rich stores of knowledge, with sweet toil acquired,  
Thoughts of a better world, by Truth inspired—  
These gild life’s close with sunlight of content.

## ADDRESSED TO DR. FORBES,

ON HIS LEAVING CHICHESTER.

---

I rather joy, that I, through ten long years,  
Have found, in Need's sad hour, a Friend in thee,  
Than cherish grief, that I ere long shall see  
Thy face no more—or rarely ; and if tears,  
Heart-bidden, start, they shall be wiped away  
By the kind hand of Hope—who, even now,  
Before my gladdened eyes in bright display  
Unveils that wider sphere where, in the glow  
Of Fortune's sun-light, all thy heart's design—  
And all thy talents' power, shall have full space  
To bless, and elevate the human race.  
Go ! then, and health, and every bliss be thine—  
Enough for me, that I have found so long  
A changeless Friend—and patron of my song.

## THE HIGHWOOD,

GOODWOOD.  

---

PEACE ! if thou hast on earth a biding place  
'Tis surely 'mid this Solitude's deep shades,  
Where Nature's worshipper may fondly trace  
Scenes which thy holiest influence pervades.  
The Sabbath, with its silence and repose,  
Now calmly reigns, and to the pensive mind  
Imparts a healing balm for all the woes  
That flesh inherits. Oh 'tis sweet to find  
Amid life's waste a resting place like this,  
Where care and grief and pain may sleep awhile,  
And infelt Joy assume her sweetest smile.  
Thus heaven vouchsafes a foretaste of its bliss,  
Thus graciously refines and fits the heart  
To act, whate'er our fate, its destined part.

## TO A WITHERED OAK,

IN SOUTHGATE FIELDS, NEAR CHICHESTER.

---

I'VE known thee in thy glory and decay ;—

Marked thy decline, with sadness, year by year :—

Have mused upon thy green leaves and thy sere ;  
And seen thy wide-spread branches fall away,  
Reft by the tempest in its wintry sway.

And can I gaze upon thy ruin near

Nor trace with backward glance my own career,  
Now verging fast to its autumnal day ?

But still around thy withered trunk entwine  
The Ivy's green and glossy leaves ;—and so

The love of song about this heart of mine  
Clings—and, at times rude numbers yet will flow.

Thus ever, Poesy, vouchsafe thy power

To cheer the sad, and gild the joyous hour.

ON THE

## SUDDEN DEATH OF MR. F. V \* \* \*

INSCRIBED TO HIS SON.

---

WELL may'st thou grieve—but thine is not a grief  
 Like that of those who hope not—for thy Sire  
 Pass'd like the Prophet, charioted in fire  
 From earth to heaven—and though the summons brief  
 Appal thee now, thou yet shalt find relief  
 In the high thoughts that Faith and Hope inspire,  
 While they reveal amid the angelic choir  
 Him, happy, whom in life it was thy chief  
 Delight to honour. On, then, gentle Youth!  
 Useful, and happy be thy course, and long,  
 In the bright paths of righteousness and truth;  
 'Till, full of years, thou join that blessed throng,  
 And share their rest, where, grief and trials o'er,  
 The love which sprung on earth shall bloom for evermore.

## THE BACHELOR'S EPITHALAMIUM.

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF A YOUNG GENTLEMAN, AND PRESENTED  
BY HIM TO A NEWLY-MARRIED COUPLE.

---

As one expos'd in fragile skiff, forlorn,  
    'Mid ocean's storms, beholds, with longing eyes,  
Some gallant bark by favouring breezes borne  
    Gaily to where the sheltering haven lies :  
So I, a lonely wanderer on life's plain,  
    Oft trace the path, bedeck'd with many a flower,  
Where youth and beauty, led by love, attain  
    That goal of earthly bliss—the nuptial bower :  
And fondly hope, on some not-distant day,  
    That path to tread, and reach that blest retreat.  
Meanwhile my heart's best wishes soar away,  
    On wings of joy, You, happy Pair ! to greet.  
May love, peace, pleasure, health, and fortune cheer  
Your progress through a stormless long career.



THE CHILD'S GRAVE.

INSCRIBED TO DR. AND MRS. A. DUKE.

---

O'ERWHELMED with grief, but still in humble trust,  
We yield thee, cherished ONE, to Him who gave ;  
In silent awe we stand, while "dust to dust"  
Falls on our ears, beside thy little grave.  
So young, so fair wert thou,—so glad of heart,  
That sunshine ever round thee seemed to play ;  
And we were blest—nor deemed that we could part,—  
That such bright joy so soon could pass away.  
And yet we feel assured that He whose love  
Gave thee awhile to cheer and bless our lot,  
In wisdom takes thee now to bliss above :—  
It must be so, though we may see it not.  
Come, Faith ! come, Hope ! our drooping hearts sustain,  
And shew the happy hour when we shall meet again.

## COLLINS' MONUMENT

IN CHICHESTER CATHEDRAL.



Now sleeps the Bard in peace, who through life's day  
Of rest and peace, alas ! but little knew ;  
Disease, and pain, and care, in grim array,  
Ever around his path their shadows threw ;  
And sick at heart, and weary, he withdrew,  
Hopeless—alike unstrung his lyre and mind,  
And sought in shades remote, like wounded hind,  
To hide his sufferings deep from mortal view.  
But as the Dove of old flew far and wide,  
And found no rest, save in the Ark alone,  
E'en so the Poet back returned—his guide  
Truth's holy light—that ark of refuge shone  
Bright in the beams of Faith and Hope, and bore  
His spirit free and glad, to Rest's untroubled shore.

## TRIBUTE

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. PILKINGTON WHO DIED APRIL XXVII, MDCCL.

---

“SHE is not dead, but sleepeth,”—and that sleep  
Shall be unbroken till the dawn appear  
Of the last day—and her glad spirit hear  
The Archangel’s trump, and from her slumber leap  
To everlasting life—no more to weep,  
Or suffer pain, or droop ’neath doubt or fear :—  
But rise exultant to that blissful sphere  
Where God in glory dwells—and angels keep  
Eternal jubilee. And there, where spring  
For ever reigns—and day that knows no night,  
That gentle Spirit, on unwearied wing,  
Shall ever soar, with ever-new delight ;  
And the bright track her course on earth has given  
Shall cheer our hearts, and point the way to Heaven.

## TO THE SNOWDROP.

---

WELCOME, fair Stranger ! that with simple grace,  
While other flowers are taking their long rest,  
Silently shrouded in earth's snow-clad breast,  
Unshrinking dar'st to look on Winter's face ;  
Where darkness, storms, and clouds we yet may trace.  
Smiling thou look'st up from thy chilly nest  
To tell of Spring—and how we shall be blest  
Erelong, when he these clouds and storms shall chase ;  
And all be joy again. So hope appears  
To many a mourner in this vale of tears  
Whose trust is stayed on Truth. Life's storms may fling  
Their terrors round ; but meekly on, meanwhile,  
They hold their course,—and gaze with quiet smile  
On the bright prospect of Eternal Spring.

## SONNET

ON THE FIRST MESSAGE DESPATCHED BY THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

---

“Europe and America are united by telegraph. Glory to God in the highest;  
peace on earth, goodwill towards men.”

---

How like an angel's voice those accents flew  
 With consecrating power from shore to shore.  
 Their work accomplished, lo! with reverence due,  
 Science and Art their dedication pour  
 With grateful minds. “Glory to God on high;  
 Be peace on earth, goodwill to all mankind.”  
 Each heart was warmed, and brightened every eye,  
 As the “glad tidings,” spreading unconfined,  
 Gave omen fair of blessings yet unknown.  
 See! the bright vision rise replete with good;  
 The nations of the earth, in every zone,  
 Knit in the sacred bond of brotherhood,  
 With one accord shall bless the day, when first  
 From ocean's long, deep bed that holy message burst.

## THOMAS KELWAY.

In the South Aisle of Chichester Cathedral lies the grave stone of Thomas Kelway, who in his day enjoyed considerable celebrity as a composer of sacred music; and although more than a century has passed since his death, there is scarcely a week in which some of his fine compositions are not used in the services of that and other Cathedral and Collegiate Churches. The inscription is as follows:—“*In Memory of Thomas Kelway, Organist of this Cathedral 23 years, who died May ye 21st, 1749. My hope is in my Saviour Jesus Christ.*”

---

KELWAY! thy memory, fresh as morn of May,  
 In many a heart's most secret, holiest cell,  
 Where love of Sacred Song delights to dwell,  
 Lives—and shall live while Music holds her sway.  
 Within these hallowed walls, where, day by day,  
 Year after Year, he plied the wondrous art,  
 Which bids the spirit from its prison start,  
 And soar awhile to happier realms away,  
 His strains full oft still fall upon the ear  
 Of those who tread yon aisle; while at their feet  
 His name, and record of his hope appear.  
 Peace to his ashes—be his slumbers sweet,  
 Till that glad morn when he shall wake to hear  
 The angelic choir in nightless Heaven's bright sphere.

## CONCLUSION.



WITH these rude melodies full many a day,  
In labour spent, and silent loneliness,  
I have beguiled ; and I may now confess,  
Nought sweeter solace could afford than they.  
And oft their humble beauties I survey  
With gladden'd eye ; and sometimes in their sound,  
My unskill'd ear hath music's graces found.  
Have I by vanity been led astray ?  
Haply I have ; and they may boast no more  
Of beauty or poetic harmony  
Than that which I (too partial) hear and see ;  
Still do I prize my lays—however poor ;  
For they have lighten'd many a heavy hour,  
And stripp'd life's ills of more than half their power.







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